

The
BRACELETS



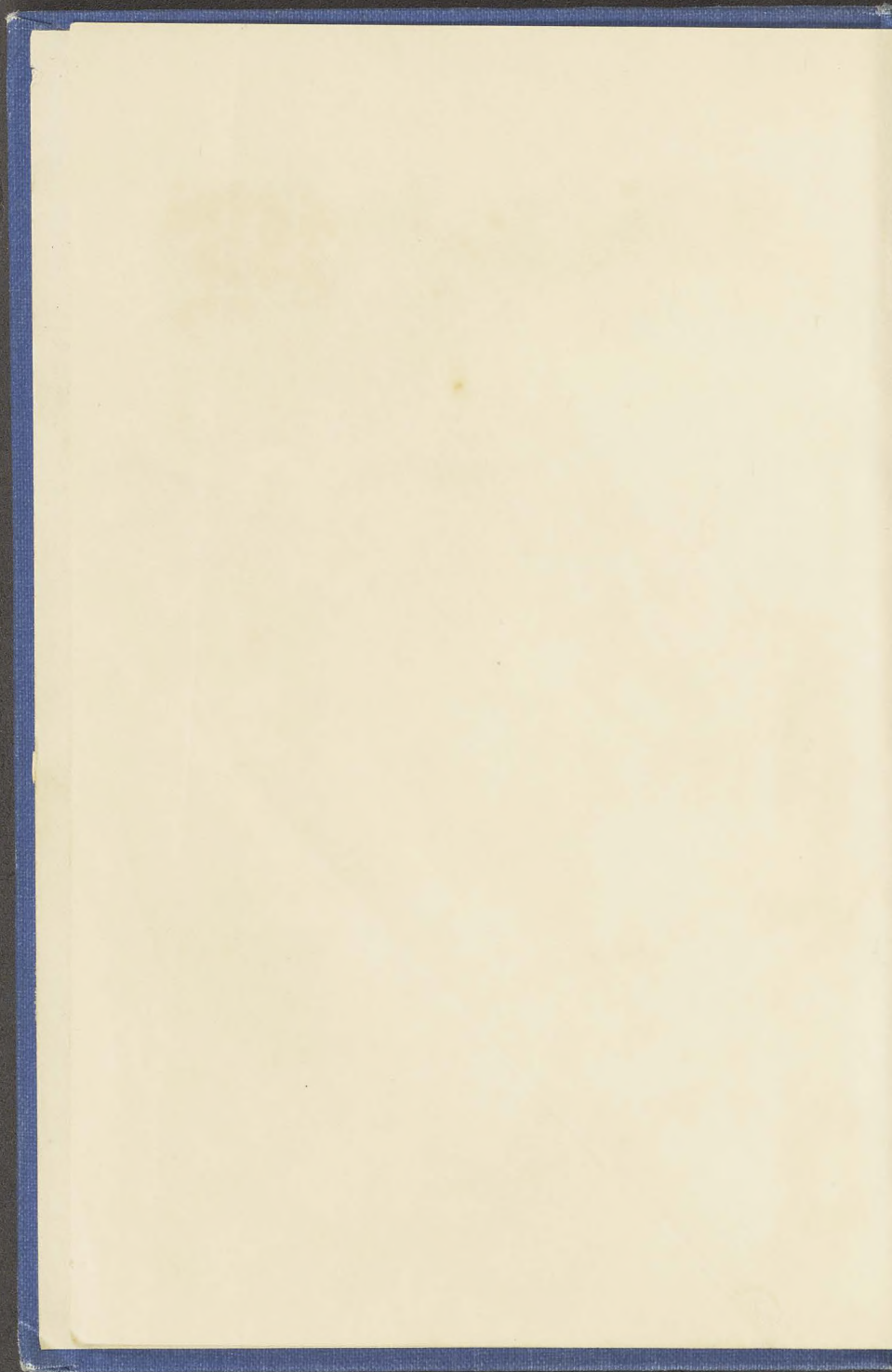
AND

THE GOOD FRENCH COVERNESS



Edith Haskett
from the Primitive Methodist
Sunday School Salton

Dec 1907







"Whilst Louisa was speaking," continued Mrs. Villars, "I saw this silver box lying on the bed ; I took it up, and asked if it was not yours, and how she came by it."—Page 34.

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THE BRACELETS

AND THE

GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS

Two Stories for Girls

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH

NEW EDITION, ILLUSTRATED

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P R E F A C E.

OF all the works which have issued from the cultivated mind of Miss Edgeworth, the most perfect and important, as a source of moral instruction, are undoubtedly the stories of "The Bracelets" and the "Good French Governess."

Written in the simplest, and yet at the same time the purest English, every tale is designed for an especial object. It goes directly to the matter in hand, and in the tersest language treats the subject selected with all the ability and vigour of the author's gifted pen.

The tale of "The Bracelets" is admirably adapted to expose and correct the common and natural error in girls, whose youth has been deprived of the guardianship of a prudent mother; namely, the vanity of excelling and triumphing over their companions.

The faults and mistakes into which this passion leads the vain Cecilia are admirably contrasted by the unassuming, but proudly conscientious character of her rival and friend Leonora.

"The Bracelets" are two honorary badges of merit, one given annually by the mistress of the school, to the most

deserving of her pupils; the other, proposed by Cecilia, the winner of the scholastic prize; to be contributed by the scholars generally, and presented to the most amiable of their number.

It is in the struggle to obtain this reward of her own proposing, that the chief faults and virtues of Cecilia's character are developed, and afford the authoress the principal materials by which to point her moral and adorn her really excellent tale.

To a story based upon veritable incidents, such as the "Good French Governess," there is combined all the interest of a stirring romance, making up a work of such practical instruction as is seldom placed in the hands of a youthful reader.

The highly intellectual tone preserved throughout this tale, and the pictures of real life blended with the narrative, give a sterling excellence to the tale of the "Good French Governess," and make it a valuable present from the parent or teacher to the pupil.

The Publishers hope that the new and improved form in which these Tales are produced will render them attractive as gift-books for the young.

LONDON, *November*, 1867.

THE BRACELETS.

IN a beautiful and retired part of England lived Mrs. Villars, a lady whose accurate understanding, benevolent heart, and steady temper, peculiarly fitted her for the most difficult, as well as most important of all occupations—the education of youth. This task she had undertaken; and twenty young persons were put under her care, with the perfect confidence of their parents. No young people could be happier; they were good and gay, emulous, but not envious of each other; for Mrs. Villars was impartially just; her praise they felt to be the reward of merit, and her blame they knew to be the necessary consequence of ill conduct; to the one, therefore, they patiently submitted, and in the other consciously rejoiced. They rose with fresh cheerfulness in the morning, eager to pursue their various occupations; they returned in the evening with renewed ardour to their amusements, and retired to rest, satisfied with themselves, and pleased with each other.

Nothing so much contributed to preserve a spirit of emulation in this little society, as a small honorary distinction, given annually, as the prize of successful application. The prize this year was peculiarly dear to each individual, as it was the picture of a friend whom they all dearly loved—it was the picture of Mrs. Villars in a small bracelet. It wanted neither gold, pearls, nor precious stones, to give it value.

The two foremost candidates for this prize were Cecilia and Leonora. Cecilia was the most intimate friend of Leonora, but Leonora was only the favourite companion of Cecilia.

Cecilia was of an active, ambitious, enterprising disposition; more eager in the pursuit, than happy in the enjoyment of her wishes. Leonora was of a contented, unambitious, temperate character; not easily roused to action, but indefatigable when once excited. Leonora was proud, Cecilia was vain; her vanity made her more dependent upon the approbation of others, and therefore more anxious to please, than Leonora; but that very vanity made her at the same time more apt to offend: in short, Leonora was the most anxious to avoid what was wrong, Cecilia the most ambitious to do what was right. Few of their companions loved, but many were led by Cecilia, for she was often successful; many loved Leonora, but none were ever governed by her, for she was too indolent to govern.

On the first day of May, about six o'clock in the evening, a great bell rang, to summon this little society into a hall, where the prize was to be decided. A number of small tables were placed in a circle, in the middle of the hall; seats for the young competitors were raised one above another, in a semicircle, some yards distant from the table; and the judges' chairs, under canopies of lilacs and laburnums, forming another semicircle, closed the amphitheatre. Every one put their writings, their drawings, their works of various kinds, upon the tables appropriated for each. How unsteady were the last steps to these tables! How each little hand trembled as it laid down its claims! Till this moment every one thought herself secure of success, but now each felt an equal certainty of being excelled; and the heart, which a few minutes before exulted with hope, now palpitated with fear.

The works were examined, the preference adjudged; and the prize was declared to be the happy Cecilia's. Mrs. Villars came forward, smiling, with the bracelet in her

hand: Cecilia was behind her companions, on the highest row; all the others gave way, and she was on the floor in an instant. Mrs. Villars clasped the bracelet on her arm; the clasp was heard through the whole hall, and a universal smile of congratulation followed. Mrs. Villars kissed Cecilia's little hand, and, "Now," said she, "go and rejoice with your companions; the remainder of the day is yours."

As soon as Mrs. Villars had given her the bracelet, all Cecilia's little companions crowded round her, and they all left the hall in an instant; she was full of spirits and vanity—she ran on: running down the flight of steps which led to the garden, in her violent haste, Cecilia threw down the little Louisa. Louisa had a china mandarin in her hand, which her mother had sent her that very morning; it was all broken to pieces by her fall.

"Oh! my mandarin," cried Louisa, bursting into tears. The crowd behind Cecilia suddenly stopped: Louisa sat on the lowest step, fixing her eyes upon the broken pieces; then turning round, she hid her face in her hands upon the step above her. In turning, Louisa threw down the remains of the mandarin: the head, which she had placed in the socket, fell from the shoulders, and rolled bounding along the gravel walk. Cecilia pointed to the head, and to the socket, and burst out a-laughing: the crowd behind laughed too. At any other time they would have been more inclined to cry with Louisa; but Cecilia had just been successful, and sympathy with the victorious often makes us forget justice. Leonora, however, preserved her usual consistency. "Poor Louisa!" said she, looking first at her, and then reproachfully at Cecilia. Cecilia turned sharply round, colouring half with shame and half with vexation; "I could not help it, Leonora," said she.

"But you could have helped laughing, Cecilia."

"I didn't laugh at Louisa; and I surely may laugh, for it does nobody any harm."

"I am sure, however," replied Leonora, "I should not have laughed if I had——"

"No, to be sure you wouldn't, because Louisa is your favourite; I can buy her another mandarin the next time that the old pedlar comes to the door, if that's all.—I can do no more—can I?" said she, turning round to her companions.

"No, to be sure," said they; "that's all fair."

Cecilia looked triumphantly at Leonora: Leonora let go her hand; she ran on, and the crowd followed. When she got to the end of the garden, she turned round to see if Leonora had followed her too; but was vexed to see her still sitting on the steps with Louisa. "I'm sure I can do no more than buy her another!—Can I?" said she, again appealing to her companions.

"No, to be sure," said they, eager to begin their plays.

How many did they begin and leave off, before Cecilia could be satisfied with any: her thoughts were discomposed, and her mind was running upon something else; no wonder, then, that she did not play with her usual address. She grew still more impatient; she threw down the ninepins: "Come, let us play at something else—at threading the needle," said she, holding out her hand. They all yielded to the hand which wore the bracelet. But Cecilia, dissatisfied with herself, was discontented with everybody else: her tone grew more and more peremptory. One was too rude, another too stiff; one too slow, another too quick; in short, everything went wrong, and everybody was tired of her humours.

The triumph of success is absolute, but short. Cecilia's companions at length recollected that, though she had embroidered a tulip and painted a peach better than they, yet that they could play as well, and keep their tempers better: she was thrown out.—Walking towards the house in a peevish mood, she met Leonora; she passed on.

"Cecilia!" cried Leonora.

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"Are we friends?"

"You know best."

"We are; if you will let me tell Louisa that you are sorry——"

Cecilia, interrupting her, "Oh! pray let me hear no more about Louisa!"

"What! not confess that you were in the wrong? Oh! Cecilia! I had a better opinion of you."

"Your opinion is of no consequence to me now; for you don't love me."

"No, not when you are unjust, Cecilia."

"Unjust! I am not unjust: and if I were, you are not my governess."

"No, but am not I your friend?"

"I don't desire to have such a friend, who would quarrel with me for happening to throw down little Louisa—how could I tell that she had a mandarin in her hand? And when it was broken, could I do more than promise her another?—was that unjust?"

"But you know, Cecilia——"

"I know," ironically. "I know, Leonora, that you love Louisa better than you do me; that's the injustice!"

"If I did," replied Leonora, gravely, "it would be no injustice, if she deserved it better."

"How can you compare Louisa to me?" exclaimed Cecilia, indignantly.

Leonora made no answer, for she was really hurt at her friend's conduct; she walked on to join the rest of her companions. They were dancing in a round upon the grass: Leonora declined dancing, but they prevailed upon her to sing for them; her voice was not so sprightly, but it was sweeter than usual.—Who sung so sweetly as Leonora; or who danced so nimbly as Louisa?

Away she was flying, all spirits and gaiety, when Leonora's eyes, full of tears, caught hers: Louisa silently let go her companions' hands, and quitting the dance, ran up to Leonora to inquire what was the matter with her.

"Nothing," replied she, "that need interrupt you.—Go, my dear; go and dance again."

Louisa immediately ran away to her garden, and pulling off her little straw hat, she lined it with the freshest strawberry-leaves; and was upon her knees before the strawberry-bed, when Cecilia came by. Cecilia was not disposed to be pleased with Louisa at that instant for two reasons; because she was jealous of her, and because she had injured her. The injury, however, Louisa had already forgotten: perhaps, to tell things just as they were, she was not quite so much inclined to kiss Cecilia, as she would have been before the fall of her mandarin, but this was the utmost extent of her malice, if it can be called malice.

"What are you doing there, little one?" said Cecilia, in a sharp tone. "Are you eating your early strawberries here, all alone?"

"No," said Louisa, mysteriously; "I am not eating them."

"What are you doing with them? Can't you answer then? I'm not playing with you, child!"

"Oh! as to that, Cecilia, you know I need not answer you unless I choose it: not but what I would if you would only ask me civilly—and if you would not call me child."

"Why should I not call you child?"

"Because—because—I don't know; but I wish you would stand out of my light, Cecilia, for you are trampling upon all my strawberries."

"I have not touched one, you covetous little creature!"

"Indeed—indeed, Cecilia, I am not covetous; I have not eaten one of them—they are all for your friend, Leonora. See how unjust you are!"

"Unjust, that's a cant word you learned of my friend Leonora, as you call her; but she is not my friend now."

"Not your friend now!" exclaimed Louisa; "then I am sure you must have done something very naughty."

"How!" said Cecilia, catching hold of her.

"Let me go—Let me go!" cried Louisa, struggling: "I won't give you one of my strawberries, for I don't like you at all."

"You don't, don't you?" said Cecilia, provoked: and



catching the hat from Louisa, she flung the strawberries over the hedge.

"Will nobody help me?" exclaimed Louisa, snatching her hat again, and running away with all her force.

"What have I done!" said Cecilia, recollecting herself; "Louisa! Louisa!" She called very loud, but Louisa would not turn back; she was running to her companions.

They were still dancing hand in hand upon the grass, whilst Leonora, sitting in the middle, sang to them.

"Stop! stop! and hear me!" cried Louisa, breaking through them; and rushing up to Leonora, she threw her hat at her feet, and panting for breath—"It was full—almost full of my own strawberries," said she, "the first I ever got out of my own garden.—They should all have been for you, Leonora, but now I have not one left. They are all gone!" said she, and she hid her face in Leonora's lap.

"Gone! gone where?" said every one, at once running up to her.

"Cecilia! Cecilia!" said she, sobbing.

"Cecilia!" repeated Leonora. "What of Cecilia?"

"Yes, it was—it was."

"Come along with me," said Leonora, unwilling to have her friend exposed; "come, and I will get you some more strawberries."

"Oh, I don't mind the strawberries indeed; but I wanted to have had the pleasure of giving them to you." Leonora took her up in her arms to carry her away, but it was too late.

"What, Cecilia! Cecilia who won the prize!—it could not surely be Cecilia!" whispered every busy tongue.

At this instant the bell summoned them in. "There she is!—There she is!" cried they, pointing to an arbour, where Cecilia was standing, ashamed and alone; and as they passed her, some lifted up their hands and eyes with astonishment, others whispered and huddled mysteriously together, as if to avoid her: Leonora walked on, her head a little higher than usual.

"Leonora!" said Cecilia, timorously, as she passed.

"Oh, Cecilia! who would have thought that you had a bad heart?"

Cecilia turned her head aside, and burst into tears.

"Oh no, indeed, she has not a bad heart!" cried Louisa, running up to her, and throwing her arms round her neck; "she's very sorry!—Are not you, Cecilia?—But don't cry any more, for I forgive you with all my heart—and I love you now, though I said I did not, when I was in a passion."

"Oh you sweet-tempered girl!—how I love you!" said Cecilia, kissing her.

"Well then, if you do, come along with me, and dry your eyes, for they are so red!"

"Go, my dear, and I'll come presently."

"Then I will keep a place for you, next to me; but you must make haste, or you will have to come in when we have all sat down to supper, and then you will be so stared at!—so don't stay now."

Cecilia followed Louisa with her eyes till she was out of sight—"And is Louisa," said she to herself, "the only one who would stop to pity me; Mrs. Villars told me that this day should be mine; she little thought how it would end!" Saying these words, Cecilia threw herself down upon the ground; her arm leaned upon a heap of turf which she had raised in the morning, and which, in the pride and gaiety of her heart, she had called her throne.

At this instant Mrs. Villars came out to enjoy the serenity of the evening, and passing by the arbour where Cecilia lay, she started; Cecilia rose hastily.

"Who is there?"

"It is I, Madam."

"And who is I?"

"Cecilia."

"Why, what keeps you here, my dear—where are your companions? This is, perhaps, one of the happiest days of your life."

"O no, Madam!" said Cecilia, hardly able to repress her tears.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?"

Cecilia hesitated.

"Speak, my dear; you know that when I ask you to tell me anything as your friend, I never punish you as your governess: therefore, you need not be afraid to tell me what is the matter."

"No, Madam, I am not afraid, but ashamed. You asked me why I was not with my companions? Why, Madam, because they have all left me, and——"

"And what, my dear?"

"And I see that they all dislike me, and yet I don't know why they should, for I take as much pains to please as any of them; all my masters seem satisfied with me! and you yourself, Ma'am, were pleased this very morning to give me this bracelet; and I am sure you would not have given it to any one who did not deserve it."

"Certainly not; you did deserve it for your application—for your successful application. The prize was for the most assiduous, not for the most amiable."

"Then if it had been for the most amiable, it would not have been for me."

Mrs. Villars, smiling—"Why, what do you think yourself, Cecilia? You are better able to judge than I am: I can determine whether or no you apply to what I give you to learn; whether you attend to what I desire you to do, and avoid what I desire you not to do; I know that I like you as a pupil, but I cannot know that I should like you as a companion, unless I were your companion; therefore I must judge of what I should do, by seeing what others do in the same circumstances."

"Oh, pray don't, Ma'am! for then you would not love me.—And yet I think you would love me; for I hope that I am as ready to oblige, and as good-natured as——"

"Yes, Cecilia, I don't doubt but that you would be very good-natured to me, but I am afraid that I should not like you unless you were good-tempered too."

"But, Ma'am, by good-natured I mean good-tempered—it's all the same thing."

"No, indeed, I understand by them two very different things; you are good-natured, Cecilia, for you are desirous to oblige, and serve your companions; to gain them praise, and save them from blame; to give them pleasure, and relieve them from pain: but Leonora is good-tempered, for she can bear with their foibles, and acknowledge her own; without disputing about the right, she sometimes yields to those who are in the wrong: in short, her temper is perfectly good, for it can bear and forbear."

"I wish that mine could!" said Cecilia, sighing at the same time.

"It may," replied Mrs. Villars, "but it is not wishes alone that can improve us in anything; turn the same exertion and perseverance which have won you the prize to-day to this object, and you will meet with the same success; perhaps not on the first, the second, or the third attempt, but depend upon it that you will at last; every new effort will weaken your bad habits, and strengthen your good ones. But you must not expect to succeed all at once; I repeat it to you, for habit must be counteracted by habit. It would be as extravagant in us to expect that all our faults could be destroyed by one punishment, were it ever so severe, as it was in the Roman Emperor we were reading of a few days ago, to wish that all the heads of his enemies were upon one neck, that he might cut them off at one blow."

Here Mrs. Villars took Cecilia by the hand, and they began to walk home. Such was the nature of Cecilia's mind, that when any object was forcibly impressed on her imagination, it caused a temporary suspension of her reasoning faculties. Hope was too strong a stimulus for her spirits; and when fear did take possession of her mind, it was attended with total debility; her vanity was now as much mortified, as in the morning it had been elated. She walked on with Mrs. Villars in silence, until they came under the shade of the elm-tree walk, and then, fixing her eyes upon Mrs. Villars, she stopped short—"Do you think,

Madam," said she, with hesitation, "Do you think, Madam, that I have a bad heart?"

"A bad heart, my dear! why, what put that into your head?"

"Leonora said that I had, Ma'am, and I felt ashamed when she said so."

"But, my dear, how can Leonora tell whether your heart be good or bad? However, in the first place, tell me what you mean by a bad heart."

"Indeed, I do not know what is meant by it, Ma'am; but it is something which everybody hates."

"And why do they hate it?"

"Because they think that it will hurt them, Ma'am, I believe: and that those who have bad hearts take delight in doing mischief; and that they never do anybody good but for their own ends."

"Then the best definition which you can give of a bad heart is, that it is some constant propensity to hurt others, and to do wrong for the sake of doing wrong."

"Yes, Ma'am, but that is not all; there is still something else meant; something which I cannot express—which, indeed, I never distinctly understood; but of which, therefore, I was the more afraid."

"Well, then, to begin with what you do understand; tell me, Cecilia, do you really think it possible to be wicked merely for the love of wickedness? No human being becomes wicked all at once; a man begins by doing wrong, because it is, or because he thinks it is, for his interest; if he continue to do so, he must conquer his sense of shame, and lose his love of virtue. But how can you, Cecilia, who feel such a strong sense of shame, and such an eager desire to improve, imagine that you have a bad heart?"

"Indeed, Madam, I never did, until everybody told me so, and then I began to be frightened about it; this very evening, Ma'am, when I was in a passion, I threw little Louisa's strawberries away; which, I am sure, I was very

sorry for afterwards; and Leonora and everybody cried out that I had a bad heart—but I am sure I was only in a passion.”

“Very likely. And when you are in a passion, as you call it, Cecilia, you see that you are tempted to do harm to others: if they do not feel angry themselves, they do not sympathise with you; they do not perceive the motive which actuates you, and then they say that you have a bad heart. I dare say, however, when your passion is over, and when you recollect yourself, you are very sorry for what you have done and said; are not you?”

“Yes, indeed, Madam—very sorry.”

“Then make that sorrow of use to you, Cecilia; and fix it steadily in your thoughts, as you hope to be good and happy, that if you suffer yourself to yield to your passion upon every trifling occasion, anger and its consequences will become familiar to your mind; and in the same proportion, your sense of shame will be weakened, till what you began with doing from sudden impulse, you will end with doing from habit and choice: and then you would indeed, according to our definition, have a bad heart.”

“O Madam! I hope—I am sure I never shall.”

“No, indeed, Cecilia; I do, indeed, believe that you never will: on the contrary, I think that you have a very good disposition; and what is of infinitely more consequence to you, an active desire of improvement; show me that you have as much perseverance as you have candour, and I shall not despair of your becoming everything that I could wish.”

Here Cecilia’s countenance brightened, and she ran up the steps in almost as high spirits as she ran down them in the morning.

“Good night to you, Cecilia,” said Mrs. Villars, as she was crossing the hall.

“Good night to you, Madam,” said Cecilia; and she ran up stairs to bed.

She could not go to sleep, but she lay awake, reflecting

upon the events of the preceding day, and forming resolutions for the future: at the same time considering that she had resolved, and resolved without effect, she wished to give her mind some more powerful motive: ambition she knew to be its most powerful incentive.

"Have I not," said she to herself, "already won the prize of application, and cannot the same application procure me a much higher prize? Mrs. Villars said, that if the prize had been promised to the most amiable, it would not have been given to me: perhaps it would not yesterday—perhaps it might not to-morrow; but that is no reason that I should despair of ever deserving it."

In consequence of this reasoning Cecilia formed a design of proposing to her companions that they should give a prize, the first of the ensuing month (the first of June), to the most amiable. Mrs. Villars applauded the scheme, and her companions adopted it with the greatest alacrity.

"Let the prize," said they, "be a bracelet of our own hair;" and instantly their shining scissors were produced, and each contributed a lock of her hair. They formed the most beautiful gradation of colours, from the palest auburn to the brightest black. Who was to have the honour of plaiting them, was now the question.

Caroline begged that she might, as she could plait very neatly, she said.

Cecilia, however, was equally sure that she could do it much better; and a dispute would inevitably have ensued, if Cecilia, recollecting herself just as her colour rose to scarlet, had not yielded—yielded with no very good grace indeed, but as well as could be expected for the first time. For it is habit which confers ease: and without ease, even in moral actions, there can be no grace.

The bracelet was plaited in the neatest manner by Caroline, finished round the edge with silver twist, and on it was worked, in the smallest silver letters, this motto, TO THE MOST AMIABLE. The moment it was completed, everybody begged to try it on: it fastened with little silver

clasps, and as it was made large enough for the eldest girls, it was too large for the youngest; of this they bitterly complained, and unanimously entreated that it might be cut to fit them.

"How foolish!" exclaimed Cecilia; "don't you perceive, that if you win it, you have nothing to do but to put the clasps a little further from the edge; but, if we get it, we can't make it larger?"

"Very true," said they; "but you need not to have called us foolish, Cecilia!"

It was by such hasty and unguarded expressions as these, that Cecilia offended: a slight difference in the manner makes a very material one in the effect. Cecilia lost more love by general petulance, than she could gain by the greatest particular exertions.

How far she succeeded in curing herself of this defect—how far she became deserving of the bracelet, and to whom the bracelet was given—shall be told in the History of the First of June.

The first of June was now arrived, and all the young competitors were in a state of the most anxious suspense. Leonora and Cecilia continued to be the foremost candidates; their quarrel had never been finally adjusted, and their different pretensions now retarded all thoughts of a reconciliation. Cecilia, though she was capable of acknowledging any of her faults in public before all her companions, could not humble herself in private to Leonora: Leonora was her equal, they were her inferiors; and submission is much easier to a vain mind, where it appears to be voluntary, than when it is the necessary tribute to justice or candour. So strongly did Cecilia feel this truth, that she even delayed making any apology, or coming to any explanation with Leonora, until success should once more give her the palm.

If I win the bracelet to-day, said she to herself, I will solicit the return of Leonora's friendship; it will be more

valuable to me than even the bracelet ; and at such a time, and asked in such a manner, she surely cannot refuse it to me. Animated with this hope of a double triumph, Cecilia canvassed with the most zealous activity : by constant attention and exertion she had considerably abated the violence of her temper, and changed the course of her habits. Her powers of pleasing were now excited, instead of her abilities to excel ; and, if her talents appeared less brilliant, her character was acknowledged to be more amiable ; so great an influence upon our manners and conduct have the objects of our ambition. Cecilia was now, if possible, more than ever desirous of doing what was right, but she had not yet acquired sufficient fear of doing wrong. This was the fundamental error of her mind : it arose in a great measure from her early education.

Her mother died when she was very young ; and though her father had supplied her place in the best and kindest manner, he had insensibly infused into his daughter's mind a portion of that enterprising, independent spirit, which he justly deemed essential to the character of her brother ; this brother was some years older than Cecilia, but he had always been the favourite companion of her youth ; what her father's precepts inculcated, his example enforced, and Cecilia's virtues consequently became such as were more estimable in a man, than desirable in a female.

All small objects, and small errors, she had been taught to disregard as trifles ; and her impatient disposition was perpetually leading her into more material faults ; yet her candour in confessing these, she had been suffered to believe, was sufficient reparation and atonement.

Leonora, on the contrary, who had been educated by her mother in a manner more suited to her sex, had a character and virtues more peculiar to a female : her judgment had been early cultivated, and her good sense employed in the regulation of her conduct ; she had been habituated to that restraint which, as a woman, she was to expect

in life, and early accustomed to yield ; complaisance in her seemed natural and graceful.

Yet, notwithstanding the gentleness of her temper, she was in reality more independent than Cecilia ; she had more reliance upon her own judgment, and more satisfaction in her own approbation ; though far from insensible to praise, she was not liable to be misled by the indiscriminate love of admiration ; the uniform kindness of her manner, the consistency and equality of her character, had fixed the esteem and passive love of her young companions.

Each of the young judges was to signify her choice, by putting a red or a white shell in a vase prepared for the purpose. Cecilia's colour was red, Leonora's white. In the morning, nothing was to be seen but these shells, nothing talked of but the long-expected event of the evening. Cecilia, following Leonora's example, had made it a point of honour not to inquire of any individual her vote, previously to their final determination.

They were both sitting together in Louisa's room : Louisa was recovering from the measles : every one during her illness had been desirous of attending her ; but Leonora and Cecilia were the only two that were permitted to see her, as they alone had had the distemper. They were both assiduous in their care of Louisa ; but Leonora's want of exertion to overcome any disagreeable feelings of sensibility, often deprived her of presence of mind, and prevented her from being so constantly useful as Cecilia. Cecilia, on the contrary, often made too much noise and bustle with her officious assistance, and was too anxious to invent amusements, and procure comforts for Louisa, without perceiving that illness takes away the power of enjoying them.

As she was sitting in the window in the morning, exerting herself to entertain Louisa, she heard the voice of an old pedlar, who often used to come to the house. Down stairs she ran immediately to ask Mrs. Villars' permission to bring him into the hall.

Mrs. Villars consented, and away Cecilia ran to proclaim the news to her companions; then first returning into the hall, she found the pedlar just unbuckling his box, and taking it off his shoulders. "What would you be pleased to want, Miss?" said he; "I've all kinds of tweezer-cases, rings, and lockets of all sorts," continued he; opening all the glittering drawers successively.

"Oh!" said Cecilia, shutting the drawer of lockets which tempted her most, "these are not the things which I want; have you any china figures, any mandarins."

"Alack-a-day, Miss, I had a great stock of that same china-ware, but now I'm quite out of them kind of things; but I believe," said he, rummaging one of the deepest drawers, "I believe I have one left, and here it is."

"Oh, that is the very thing! what's its price?"

"Only three shillings, Ma'am." Cecilia paid the money, and was just going to carry off the mandarin, when the pedlar took out of his great-coat pocket a neat mahogany case: it was about a foot long, and fastened at each end by two little clasps; it had, besides, a small lock in the middle.

"What is that?" said Cecilia, eagerly.

"It's only a china figure, Miss, which I am going to carry to an elderly lady, who lives nigh at hand, and who is mighty fond of such things."

"Could you let me look at it?"

"And welcome, Miss," said he, and opened the case.

"Oh goodness! how beautiful!" exclaimed Cecilia.

It was the figure of Flora, crowned with roses, and carrying a basket of flowers in her hand. Cecilia contemplated it with delight. How I should like to give this to Louisa," said she to herself; and at last, breaking silence, "Did you promise it to the old lady?"

"Oh no, Miss; I didn't promise it, she never saw it; and if so be that you'd like to take it, I'd make no more words about it."

"And how much does it cost?"

"Why, Miss, as to that, I'll let you have it for half-a-guinea."

Cecilia immediately produced the box in which she kept her treasure, and, emptying it upon the table, she began to count the shillings: alas! there were but six shillings. "How provoking!" said she, "then I can't have it—where's the mandarin? Oh, I have it," said she, taking it up, and looking at it with the utmost disgust; "Is this the same that I had before?"

"Yes, Miss, the very same," replied the pedlar, who, during this time, had been examining the little box out of which Cecilia had taken her money: it was of silver.

"Why, Ma'am," said he, "since you've taken such a fancy to the piece, if you've a mind to make up the remainder of the money, I will take this here little box, if you care to part with it."

Now this box was a keepsake from Leonora to Cecilia. "No," said Cecilia hastily, blushing a little, and stretching out her hand to receive it.

"Oh Miss!" said he, returning it carelessly, "I hope there's no offence; I meant but to serve you, that's all; such a rare piece of china work no cause to go a-begging," added he, putting the Flora deliberately into the case, then turning the key with a jerk, he let it drop into his pocket, and lifting up his box by the leather straps, he was preparing to depart.

"Oh, stay one minute!" said Cecilia, in whose mind there had passed a very warm conflict during the pedlar's harangue. "Louisa would so like this Flora," said she, arguing with herself; "besides, it would be so generous in me to give it to her instead of that ugly mandarin; that would be doing only common justice, for I promised it to her, and she expects it. Though, when I come to look at this mandarin, it is not even so good as hers was: the gilding is all rubbed off, so that I absolutely must buy this for her. O yes, I will, and she will be so delighted! and then everybody will say it is the prettiest thing they

ever saw, and the broken mandarin will be forgotten for ever."

Here Cecilia's hand moved, and she was just going to decide: "Oh! but stop," said she to herself, "consider, Leonora gave me this box, and it is a keepsake; however, now we have quarrelled, and I dare say that she would not mind my parting with it; I'm sure that I should not care if she was to give away my keepsake the smelling-bottle, or the ring, which I gave her; so what does it signify? besides, is it not my own, and have I not a right to do what I please with it?"

At this dangerous instant for Cecilia, a party of her companions opened the door; she knew that they came as purchasers, and she dreaded her Flora's becoming the prize of some higher bidder. "Here," said she, hastily putting the box into the pedlar's hand, without looking at it; "take it, and give me the Flora." Her hand trembled, though she snatched it impatiently: she ran by, without seeming to mind any of her companions—she almost wished to turn back.

Let those who are tempted to do wrong by the hope of future gratification, or the prospect of certain concealment and impunity, remember that, unless they are totally depraved, they bear in their own hearts a monitor, who will prevent their enjoying what they have ill obtained.

In vain Cecilia ran to the rest of her companions to display her present, in the hope that the applause of others would restore her own self-complacency; in vain she saw the Flora pass in due pomp from hand to hand, each vying with the other in extolling the beauty of the gift, and the generosity of the giver. Cecilia was still displeased with herself, with them, and even with their praise; from Louisa's gratitude, however, she yet expected much pleasure, and immediately she ran up-stairs to her room.

In the meantime Leonora had gone into the hall to buy a bodkin; she had just broken hers. In giving her change,

the pedlar took out of his pocket, with some halfpence, the very box which Cecilia had sold to him. Leonora did not in the least suspect the truth, for her mind was above suspicion; and, besides, she had the utmost confidence in



Cecilia. "I should like to have that box," said she, "for it is like one of which I was very fond."

The pedlar named the price, and Leonora took the box; she intended to give it to little Louisa.

On going to her room she found her asleep, and she sat down softly by her bed-side. Louisa opened her eyes.

"I hope I didn't disturb you," said Leonora.

"Oh no; I didn't hear you come in; but what have you got there?"

"It is only a little box; would you like to have it? I bought it on purpose for you, as I thought perhaps it would please you; because it's like that which I gave Cecilia."

"Oh, yes! that out of which she used to give me Barbary drops: I am very much obliged to you; I always thought *that* exceedingly pretty, and this, indeed, is as like it as possible. I can't unscrew it; will you try?"

Leonora unscrewed it.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Louisa, "this must be Cecilia's box: look, don't you see a great L at the bottom of it?"

Leonora's colour changed; "Yes," she replied, calmly, "I see that, but it is no proof that it is Cecilia's; you know that I bought this box just now of the pedlar."

"That may be," said Louisa; "but I remember scratching that L with my own needle, and Cecilia scolded me for it, too; do go and ask her if she has lost her box—do," repeated Louisa, pulling her by the sleeve, as she did not seem to listen.

Leonora, indeed, did not hear, for she was lost in thought; she was comparing circumstances, which had before escaped her attention; she recollected that Cecilia had passed her, as she came into the hall, without seeming to see her, but had blushed as she passed. She remembered that the pedlar appeared unwilling to part with the box, and was going to put it again into his pocket with the halfpence; "and why should he keep it in his pocket, and not show it with his other things?"—Combining all these circumstances, Leonora had no longer any doubt of the truth; for though she had honourable confidence in her friend, she had too much penetration to be implicitly credulous.—"Louisa," she began: but at this instant she heard a step, which, by its quickness, she knew to be Cecilia's, coming along the passage:—"if you love me, Louisa," said Leonora, "say nothing about the box."

"Nay, but why not? I dare say she has lost it."

"No, my dear, I'm afraid she has not." Louisa looked surprised.

"But I have reasons for desiring you not to say anything about it."

"Well, then, I won't indeed."

Cecilia opened the door, came forward smiling, as if secure of a good reception, and taking the Flora out of the case, she placed it on the mantel-piece, opposite to Louisa's bed. "Dear, how beautiful!" cried Louisa, starting up.

"Yes," said Cecilia; "and guess whom it's for?"

"For me, perhaps!" said the ingenuous Louisa.

"Yes, take it, and keep it for my sake: you know that I broke your mandarin."

"Oh! but this is a great deal prettier and larger than that."

"Yes, I know it is; and I meant that it should be so; I should only have done what I was bound to do, if I had only given you a mandarin."

"Well, and that would have been enough, surely; but what a beautiful crown of roses! and then that basket of flowers! they almost look as if I could smell them. Dear Cecilia! I'm very much obliged to you, but I won't take it by way of payment for the mandarin you broke; for I'm sure you could not help that: and, besides, I should have broken it myself by this time. You shall give it to me entirely, and I'll keep it as long as I live as your keepsake."

Louisa stopped short, and coloured. The word *keepsake* recalled the box to her mind, and all the train of ideas which the Flora had banished.—"But," said she, looking up wistfully in Cecilia's face, and holding the Flora doubtfully, "did you——"

Leonora, who was just quitting the room, turned her head back, and gave Louisa a look, which completely silenced her.

Cecilia was so infatuated with her vanity, that she neither perceived Leonora's sign, nor Louisa's confusion, but continued showing off her present, by placing it in various situations, till at length she put it in the case, and laying it down with an affected carelessness upon the bed, "I must go now, Louisa. Good-bye," said she, running up, and kissing her: "but I'll come again presently——" Then, clapping the door after her, she went away.

But as soon as the fermentation of her spirits subsided, the sense of shame, which had been scarcely felt when mixed with so many other sensations, rose uppermost in her mind. "What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I have sold what I promised to keep for ever? and what Leonora gave me? and I have concealed it, too, and have been making a parade of my generosity. Oh! what would Leonora, what would Louisa, what would everybody think of me, if the truth were known?"

Humiliated and grieved by these reflections, Cecilia began to search in her own mind for some consoling idea. She began to compare her conduct with the conduct of others of her own age; and at length, fixing her comparison upon her brother George, as the companion of whom, from her infancy, she had been habitually the most emulous, she recollected, that an almost similar circumstance had once happened to him, and that he had not only escaped disgrace, but had acquired glory by an intrepid confession of his fault. Her father's words to her brother on the occasion she also perfectly recollected.

"Come to me, George," he said, holding out his hand; "you are a generous brave boy; they who dare to confess their faults will make great and good men."

These were his words; but Cecilia, in repeating them to herself, forgot to lay that emphasis on the word *men*, which would have placed it in contradistinction to the word *women*. She willingly believed, that the observation extended equally to both sexes, and flattered herself that she should exceed her brother in merit, if she owned

a fault, which she thought that it would be so much more difficult to confess.

"Yes, but," said she, stopping herself, "how can I confess it? This very evening, in a few hours, the prize will be decided; Leonora or I shall win it: I have now as good a chance as Leonora, perhaps a better; and must I give up all my hopes? all that I have been labouring for, this month past? Oh, I never can; if it were but to-morrow, or yesterday, or any day but this, I would not hesitate; but now I am almost certain of the prize, and if I win it—well, why then I will—I think, I will tell all—yes, I will; I am determined," said Cecilia.

Here a bell summoned them to dinner; Leonora sat opposite to her, and she was not a little surprised to see Cecilia look so gay and unconstrained. "Surely," said she to herself, "if Cecilia had done this that I suspect, she would not, she could not, look as she does." But Leonora little knew the cause of her gaiety; Cecilia was never in higher spirits, or better pleased with herself, than when she had resolved upon a sacrifice or a confession.

"Must not this evening be given to the most amiable? Whose, then, will it be?" All eyes glanced first at Cecilia, and then at Leonora. Cecilia smiled, Leonora blushed. "I see that it is not yet decided," said Mrs. Villars; and immediately they ran up-stairs, amidst confused whisperings.

Cecilia's voice could be distinguished far above the rest. "How can she be so happy?" said Leonora to herself: "Oh, Cecilia, there was a time when you could not have neglected me so!—when we were always together, the best of friends and companions; our wishes, tastes, and pleasures, the same. Surely she did once love me," said Leonora; "but now she is quite changed, she has even sold my keepsake; and she would rather win a bracelet of hair from girls whom she did not always think so much superior to Leonora, then have my esteem, my confidence, and my friendship, for her whole life, yes, for her whole life, for I am sure she will be an amiable woman: oh!

that this bracelet had never been thought of, or that I were certain of her winning it; for I am sure that I do not wish to win it from her: I would rather, a thousand times rather, that we were as we used to be, then have all the glory in the world: and how pleasing Cecilia can be, when she wishes to please!—how candid she is! how much she can improve herself!—let me be just, though she has offended me; she is wonderfully improved within this last month: for one fault, and *that* against myself, shall I forget all her merits?”

As Leonora said these last words, she could but just hear the voices of her companions,—they had left her alone in the gallery; she knocked softly at Louisa's door. “Come in,” said Louisa, “I'm not asleep: oh,” said she, starting up with the Flora in her hand, the instant that the door was opened, “I'm so glad you are come, Leonora, for I did so long to hear what you were all making such a noise about—have you forgot that the bracelet——”

“O yes! is this the evening?”

“Well, here's my white shell for you; I've kept it in my pocket this fortnight; and though Cecilia did give me this Flora, I still love you a great deal better.”

“I thank you, Louisa,” said Leonora, gratefully; “I will take your shell, and I shall value it as long as I live; but here is a red one; and if you wish to show me that you love me, you will give this to Cecilia; I know that she is particularly anxious for your preference, and I am sure that she deserves it.”

“Yes, if I could, I would choose both of you; but you know I can only choose which I like the best.”

“If you mean, my dear Louisa,” said Leonora, “that you like me the best, I am very much obliged to you; for, indeed, I wish you to love me; but it is enough for me to know it in private; I should not feel any more pleasure at hearing it in public, or in having it made known to all my companions, especially at a time when it would give poor Cecilia a great deal of pain.”

"But why should it give her pain? I don't like her for being jealous of you."

"Nay, Louisa, surely you don't think Cecilia jealous; she only tries to excel, and to please; she is more anxious to succeed than I am, it is true, because she has a great deal more activity, and perhaps more ambition; and it would really mortify her to lose this prize: you know that she proposed it herself, it has been her object for this month past, and I am sure she has taken great pains to obtain it."

"But, dear Leonora, why should you lose it?"

"Indeed, my dear, it would be no loss to me; and, if it were, I would willingly suffer it for Cecilia; for, though we seem not to be such good friends as we used to be, I love her very much, and she will love me again,—I'm sure she will,—when she no longer fears me as a rival, she will again love me as a friend."

Here Leonora heard a number of her companions running along the gallery. They all knocked hastily at the door, calling, "Leonora! Leonora! will you never come? Cecilia has been with us this half hour."

Leonora smiled: "Well, Louisa," said she, smiling, "will you promise me?"

"Oh, I'm sure, by the way they speak to you, that they won't give you the prize!" said the little Louisa; and the tears started into her eyes.

"They love me though for all that; and as for the prize, you know whom I wish to have it."

"Leonora! Leonora!" called her impatient companions; "don't you hear us? What are you about?"

"Oh, she never will take any trouble about anything," said one of the party; "let's go away."

"Oh, go! go! make haste," cried Louisa; "don't stay, they are so angry; I will, I will, indeed!"

"Remember, then, that you have promised me," said Leonora, and she left the room. During all this time, Cecilia had been in the garden with her companions. The

ambition which she had felt to win the first prize,—the prize of superior talents and superior application,—was not to be compared to the absolute anxiety which she now expressed to win this simple testimony of the love and approbation of her equals and rivals.

To employ her exuberant activity, she had been dragging branches of lilacs and laburnums, roses, and sweet briar, to ornament the bower in which her fate was to be decided. It was excessively hot, but her mind was engaged, and she was indefatigable. She stood still, at last, to admire her works; her companions all joined in loud applause; they were not a little prejudiced in her favour by the great eagerness which she expressed to win their prize, and by the great importance which she seemed to affix to the preference of each individual. At last, "Where is Leonora?" cried one of them, and immediately, as we have seen, they ran to call her.

Cecilia was left alone; overcome with heat, and too violent exertion, she had hardly strength to support herself; each moment appeared to her intolerably long: she was in a state of the utmost suspense, and all her courage failed her; even hope forsook her, and hope is a cordial which leaves the mind depressed and enfeebled. "The time is now come," said Cecilia; "in a few moments it will be decided. In a few moments! goodness! how much do I hazard! If I should not win the prize, how shall I confess what I have done? How shall I beg Leonora to forgive me? I who hope to restore my friendship to her as an honour!—they are gone to seek for her—the moment she appears, I shall be forgotten. What shall—what shall I do?" said Cecilia, covering her face with her hands.

Such was her situation when Leonora, accompanied by her companions, opened the hall door; they most of them ran forwards to Cecilia. As Leonora came into the bower, she held out her hand to Cecilia: "We are not rivals, but friends, I hope," said she. Cecilia clasped her hand, but she was in too great agitation to speak.

The table was now set in the harbour—the vase was now placed in the middle. “Well,” said Cecilia eagerly, “who begins?” Caroline, one of her friends, came forward first, and then all the others successively. Cecilia’s emotion was hardly conceivable. “Now they are all in! count them, Caroline.”

One, two, three, four, &c.; the numbers are both equal.

There was a dead silence.

“No, they are not,” exclaimed Cecilia, pressing forward, and putting a shell into the vase; “I have not given mine, and I give it to Leonora.” Then snatching the bracelet, “It is yours, Leonora,” said she, “take it and give me back your friendship.” The whole assembly gave a universal clap and shout of applause.

“I cannot be surprised at this from you, Cecilia,” said Leonora; “and do you, then, still love me as you used to do?”

“Oh, Leonora, stop! don’t praise me: I don’t deserve this,” said she, turning to her loudly applauding companions; “you will soon despise me—oh, Leonora, you will never forgive me! I have deceived you! I have sold——”

At this instant Mrs. Villars appeared—the crowd divided—she had heard all that passed from her window.

“I applaud your generosity, Cecilia,” said she, “but I am to tell you that in this instance it is unsuccessful: you have it not in your power to give the prize to Leonora. It is yours: I have another vote to give to you—you have forgotten Louisa.”

“Louisa! but surely, ma’am, Louisa loves Leonora better than she does me.”

“She commissioned me, however,” said Mrs. Villars, “to give you a red shell, and you will find it in this box.”

Cecilia started and turned as pale as death; it was the fatal box.

Mrs. Villars produced another box; she opened it, it contained the Flora. “And Louisa also desired me,” said

she, "to return you this Flora"—she put it into Cecilia's hand: Cecilia trembled so that she could not hold it; Leonora caught it.

"Oh, madam! oh, Leonora!" exclaimed Cecilia; "now I have no hope left: I intended—I was just going to tell——"

"Dear Cecilia," said Leonora, "you need not tell it me; I know it already, and I forgive you with all my heart."

"Yes, I can prove to you," said Mrs. Villars, "that Leonora has forgiven you: it is she who has given you the prize; it was she who persuaded Louisa to give you her vote. I went to see her a little while ago, and perceiving by her countenance that something was the matter, I pressed her to tell me what it was.

"'Why, madam,' said she, 'Leonora has made me promise to give my shell to Cecilia; now I don't love Cecilia half so well as I do Leonora; besides, I would not have Cecilia think I vote for her because she gave me a Flora.' Whilst Louisa was speaking," continued Mrs. Villars, "I saw this silver box lying on the bed; I took it up, and asked if it was not yours, and how she came by it.

"'Indeed, madam,' said Louisa, 'I could have been almost certain that it was Cecilia's; but Leonora gave it me, and she said that she bought it of the pedlar this morning; if anybody else had told me so I could not have believed them, because I remember the box so well; but I can't help believing Leonora.'

"'But did not you ask Cecilia about it?' said I.

"'No, madam,' replied Louisa, 'for Leonora forbade me.'

"I guessed her reason. 'Well,' said I, 'give me the box, and I will carry your shell in it to Cecilia.'

"'Then, madam,' said she, 'if I must give it her, pray do take the Flora, and return it to her first, that she may not think it is for that I do it.'"

"Oh, generous Leonora!" exclaimed Cecilia; "but, indeed, I cannot take Louisa's shell."

"Then, dear Cecilia, accept of mine instead of it; you

cannot refuse it, I only follow your example: as for the bracelet," added Leonora, taking Cecilia's hand, "I assure you I don't wish for it, and you do, and you deserve it."

"No," said Cecilia, "indeed I do not deserve it; next to you, surely Louisa deserves it."

"Louisa! oh yes, Louisa," exclaimed everybody with one voice.

"Yes," said Mrs. Villars, "and let Cecilia carry the bracelet to her; she deserves that reward. For one fault, I cannot forget all your merits, Cecilia; nor, I am sure, will your companions."

"Then, surely, not your best friend," said Leonora, kissing her.

Everybody present was moved; they looked up to Leonora with respectful and affectionate admiration.

"O Leonora, how I love you! and how I wish to be like you!" exclaimed Cecilia; "to be as good, as generous!"

"Rather wish, Cecilia," interrupted Mrs. Villars, "to be as just; to be as strictly honourable, and as invariably consistent. Remember, that many of our sex are capable of great efforts, of making what they call great sacrifices to virtue or to friendship; but few treat their friends with habitual gentleness, or uniformly conduct themselves with prudence and good sense."

THE
GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS.

AMONG the sufferers during the bloody reign of Robespierre was Madame de Rosier, a lady of good family, excellent understanding, and most amiable character. Her husband, and her only son, a promising young man of about fourteen, were dragged to the horrid prison of the Conciergerie, and their names soon afterward appeared in the list of those who fell a sacrifice to the tyrant's cruelty. By the assistance of a faithful domestic, Madame de Rosier, who was destined to be the next victim, escaped from France, and took refuge in England—England!—that generous country, which, in favour of the unfortunate, forgets her national prejudices, and to whom, in their utmost need, even her "natural enemies" fly for protection. English travellers have sometimes been accused of forgetting the civilities which they receive in foreign countries; but their conduct towards the French emigrants has sufficiently demonstrated the injustice of this reproach.

Madame de Rosier had reason to be pleased by the delicacy of several families of distinction in London, who offered her their services under the name of gratitude; but she was incapable of encroaching upon the kindness of her friends. Misfortune had not extinguished the energy of her mind, and she still possessed the power of maintaining herself honourably by her own exertions. Her character and her abilities being well known, she easily procured

recommendations as a preceptress. Many ladies anxiously desired to engage such a governess for their children, but Mrs. Harcourt had the good fortune to obtain the preference.

Mrs. Harcourt was a widow, who had been a very fine woman, and continued to be a very fine lady. She had good abilities, but, as she lived in a constant round of dissipation, she had not time to cultivate her understanding, or to attend to the education of her family; and she had satisfied her conscience by procuring for her daughters a fashionable governess and expensive masters. The governess whose place Madame de Rosier was now to supply, had quitted her pupils, to go abroad with a lady of quality, and Mrs. Harcourt knew enough of the world to bear her loss without emotion. She, however, stayed at home one whole evening, to receive Madame de Rosier, and to introduce her to her pupils. Mrs. Harcourt had three daughters and a son—Isabella, Matilda, Favoretta, and Herbert. Isabella was about fourteen; her countenance was intelligent, but rather too expressive of confidence in her own capacity, for she had, from her infancy, been taught to believe that she was a genius. Her memory had been too much cultivated; she had learned languages with facility, and had been taught to set a very high value upon her knowledge of history and chronology. Her temper had been hurt by flattery, yet she was capable of feeling all the generous passions.

Matilda was a year younger than Isabella; she was handsome, but her countenance, at first view, gave the idea of hopeless indolence; she did not learn the French and Italian irregular verbs by rote as expeditiously as her sister, and her impatient preceptress pronounced, with an irrevocable nod, that Miss Matilda was no genius. The phrase was quickly caught by her masters, so that Matilda, undervalued even by her sister, lost all confidence in herself, and with the hope of success, lost the wish for exertion. Her attention gradually turned to dress and personal

accomplishments; not that she was vain of her beauty, but she had more hopes of pleasing by the graces of her person than of her mind. The timid, anxious blush, which Madame de Rosier observed to vary in Matilda's countenance, when she spoke to those for whom she felt affection, convinced this lady that, if Matilda were no genius, it must have been the fault of her education. On sensibility, all that is called genius, perhaps, originally depends: those who are capable of feeling a strong degree of pain and pleasure may surely be excited to great and persevering exertion, by calling the proper motives into action.

Favoretta, the youngest daughter, was about six years old. At this age, the habits that constitute character are not formed, and it is, therefore, absurd to speak of the character of a child six years old. Favoretta had been, from her birth, the plaything of her mother and of her mother's waiting-maid. She was always produced, when Mrs. Harcourt had company, to be admired and caressed by the fashionable circle; her ringlets and her lively nonsense were the never-failing means of attracting attention from visitors. In the drawing-room, Favoretta, consequently, was happy, always in high spirits, and the picture of good humour; but, change the scene, and Favoretta no longer appeared the same person: when alone, she was idle and spiritless; when with her maid or with her brother and sisters, pettish and capricious. Her usual playfellow was Herbert, but their plays regularly ended in quarrels, quarrels in which both parties were commonly in the wrong, though the whole of the blame necessarily fell upon Herbert, for Herbert was neither caressing nor caressed. Mrs. Grace, the waiting-maid, pronounced him to be the plague of her life, and prophesied evil of him, because, as she averred, if she combed his hair a hundred times a day, it would never be fit to be seen; besides this, she declared, "there was no managing to keep him out of mischief," and he was so "thick-headed at his book," that Mrs. Grace, on whom the task of teaching him his alphabet had, during

the negligent reign of the late governess, devolved, affirmed that he never would learn to read like any other young gentleman. Whether the zeal of Mrs. Grace for his literary progress were of service to his understanding, may be doubted; there could be no doubt of its effect upon his temper; a sullen gloom over-spread Herbert's countenance, whenever the shrill call of "Come and say your task, Master Herbert!" was heard; and the continual use of the imperative mood—"Let that alone, do, Master Herbert!"—"Don't make a racket, Master Herbert!"—"Do hold your tongue and sit still where I bid you, Master Herbert!" operated so powerfully upon this young gentleman, that, at eight years old, he partly fulfilled his tormentor's prophecies, for he became a little surly rebel, who took pleasure in doing exactly the contrary to everything that he was desired to do, and who took pride in opposing his powers of endurance to the force of punishment. His situation was scarcely more agreeable in the drawing-room than in the nursery, for his mother usually announced him to the company by the appropriate appellation of Rough-head; and Herbert Roughhead being assailed, at his entrance into the room, by a variety of petty reproaches and maternal witticisms upon his uncouth appearance, became bashful and awkward, averse from polite society, and prone to the less fastidious company of servants in the stable and the kitchen. Mrs. Harcourt absolutely forbade his intercourse with the postillions, though she did not think it necessary to be so strict in her injunctions as to the butler and footman; "because," argued she, "children will get to the servants when one's from home, and it is best that they should be with such of them as one can trust. Now Stephen is quite a person one can entirely depend upon, and he has been so long in the family, the children are quite used to him, and safe with him."

How many mothers have a Stephen, on whom they can entirely depend!

Mrs. Harcourt, with politeness, which in this instance

supplied the place of good sense, invested Madame de Rosier with full powers, as the preceptress of her children, except as to their religious education; she stipulated that Catholic tenets should not be instilled into them. To this Madame de Rosier replied,—“that children usually follow the religion of their parents, and that proselytes seldom do honour to their conversion; that were she, on the other hand, to attempt to promote her pupils’ belief in the religion of their country, her utmost powers could add nothing to the force of public religious instruction, and to the arguments of those books which are necessarily put into the hands of every well-educated person.”

With these opinions, Madame de Rosier readily promised to abstain from all direct or indirect interference in the religious instruction of her pupils. Mrs. Harcourt then introduced her to them as “a friend, in whom she had entire confidence, and whom she hoped and believed they would make it their study to please.”

Whilst the ceremonies of the introduction were going on, Herbert kept himself aloof, and, with his whip suspended over the stick on which he was riding, eyed Madame de Rosier with no friendly aspect: however, when she held out her hand to him, and when he heard the encouraging tone of her voice, he approached, held his whip fast in his right hand, but very cordially gave the lady his left to shake.

“Are you to be my governess?” said he: “you won’t give me very long tasks, will you?”

“Favoretta, my dear, what has detained you so long?” cried Mrs. Harcourt, as the door opened, and as Favoretta, with her hair in nice order, was ushered into the room by Mrs. Grace. The little girl ran up to Madame de Rosier, and, with the most caressing freedom, cried,—

“Will you love me? I have not my red shoes on to-day!”

Whilst Madame de Rosier assured Favoretta that the want of the red shoes would not diminish her merit,

Matilda whispered to Isabella—"Mourning is very becoming to her, though she is not fair;" and Isabella, with a look of absence, replied—"But she speaks English amazingly well for a Frenchwoman."

Madame de Rosier did speak English remarkably well; she had spent some years in England, in her early youth, and, perhaps, the effect of her conversation was heightened by an air of foreign novelty. As she was not hackneyed in the common language of conversation, her ideas were expressed in select and accurate terms, so that her thoughts appeared original, as well as just.

Isabella, who was fond of talents, and yet fonder of novelty, was charmed, the first evening, with her new friend, more especially as she perceived that her abilities had not escaped Madame de Rosier. She displayed all her little treasures of literature, but was surprised to observe that, though every shining thing she said was taken notice of, nothing dazzled the eyes of her judge; gradually her desire to talk subsided, and she felt some curiosity to hear.

"Then," said she, pausing, one day, after having successfully enumerated the dates of the reigns of all the English kings, "I suppose you have something in French, like our Gray's *Memoria Technica*, or else you never could have such a prodigious quantity of dates in your head. Had you as much knowledge of chronology and history, when you were of my age, as—as——"

"As you have?" said Madame de Rosier: "I do not know whether I had at your age, but I can assure you that I have not now."

"Nay," replied Isabella, with an incredulous smile, "but you only say that from modesty."

"From vanity, more likely."

"Vanity! impossible—you don't understand me."

"Pardon me, but you do not understand me."

"A person," cried Isabella, "can't, surely, be vain—what we, in English, call vain—of not remembering anything."

"Is it, then, impossible that a person should be what you, in English, call vain, of not remembering what is useless? I dare say you can tell me the name of that wise man who prayed for the art of forgetting."

"No, indeed, I don't know his name; I never heard of him before: was he a Grecian, or a Roman, or an Englishman? can't you recollect his name? what does it begin with?"

"I do not wish either for your sake or my own, to remember the name; let us content ourselves with the wise man's sense, whether he were a Grecian, a Roman, or an Englishman: even the first letter of his name might be left among the useless things—might it not?"

"But," replied Isabella, a little piqued, "I do not know what you call useless."

"Those of which you can make no use," said Madame de Rosier, with simplicity.

"You don't mean, though, all the names, and dates, and kings, and Roman emperors, and all the remarkable events that I have learned by heart?"

"It is useful, I allow," replied Madame de Rosier, "to know by heart the names of the English kings and Roman emperors, and to remember the dates of their reigns, otherwise we should be obliged, whenever we wanted them, to search in the books in which they are to be found, and that wastes time."

"Wastes time—yes; but what's worse," said Isabella, "a person looks so awkward and foolish in company, who does not know these things—things that everybody knows."

"And that everybody is supposed to know," added Madame de Rosier.

"A person," continued Isabella, "could make no figure in conversation, you know, amongst well-informed people, if she didn't know these things."

"Certainly not," said Madame de Rosier, "nor could she make a figure amongst well-informed people, by tell-

ing them what, as you observed just now, everybody knows."

"But I do not mean," said Isabella, after a mortified pause, "that everybody knows the remarkable events, though they may have learnt the reigns of the kings by heart; for I assure you, the other day, I found it a great advantage, when somebody was talking about the powder-tax, to be able to tell, in a room full of company, that powder for the hair was first introduced into England in the year 1614; and that potatoes, which, very luckily for me, were next to powder in "the Tablet of Memory," were first brought to England in the year 1586. And the very same evening, when mamma was showing some pretty coloured note paper, which she had just got, I had an opportunity of saying, that white paper was first made in England in the year 1587; and a gentleman made me a bow, and said he would give the world for my memory. So you see that these, at least, are not to be counted amongst the useless things—are they?"

"Certainly not," replied Madame de Rosier: "we can form some idea of the civilization of a country at any period, by knowing that such a frivolous luxury as powder was then first introduced: trifles become matters of importance to those who have the good sense to know how to make them of use; and as for paper, that and the art of printing are so intimately connected——"

"Ah!" interrupted Isabella, "if they had asked me, I could have told them when the first printing-press was established in Westminster Abbey—in 1474."

"And paper was made in England?"

"Have you forgot so soon?—in 1587."

"It is well worth remarking," said Madame de Rosier, "that literature in England must have, at that time, made but a very slow progress, since a hundred years had elapsed between the establishing of your printing-press, and the making of your white paper;—I allow these are not useless facts."

"That never struck me before," said Isabella, ingenuously; "I only remembered these things to repeat in conversation."

Here Madame de Rosier, pleased to observe that her pupil had caught an idea that was new to her, dropped the conversation, and left Isabella to apply what had passed. Active and ingenious young people should have much left to their own intelligent exertions, and to their own candour.

Matilda, the second daughter, was at first pleased with Madame de Rosier, because she looked well in mourning; and afterwards she became interested for her, from hearing the history of her misfortunes, of which Madame de Rosier, one evening, gave her a simple, pathetic account. Matilda was particularly touched by the account of the early death of this lady's beautiful and accomplished daughter; she dwelt upon every circumstance, and, with anxious curiosity, asked a variety of questions.

"I think I can form a perfect idea of her now," said Matilda, after she had inquired concerning the colour of her hair, of her eyes, her complexion, her height, her voice, her manners, and her dress—"I think I have a perfect idea of her now!"

"Oh no!" said Madame de Rosier, with a sigh, "you cannot form a perfect idea of my Rosalie from any of these things; she was handsome and graceful; but it was not her person—it was her mind," said the mother, with a faltering voice: her voice had, till this instant, been steady and composed.

"I beg your pardon—I will ask you no more questions," said Matilda.

"My love," said Madame de Rosier, "ask me as many as you please—I like to think of her—I may now speak of her without vanity—her character would have pleased you."

"I am sure it would," said Matilda: "do you think she would have liked me or Isabella the best?"

"She would have liked each of you for your different good qualities, I think: she would not have made her love an object of competition, or the cause of jealousy between two sisters; she could make herself sufficiently beloved, without stooping to any such mean arts. She had two friends who loved her tenderly; they knew that she was perfectly sincere, and that she would not flatter either of them—you know that is only childish affection which is without esteem. Rosalie was esteemed '*autant qu'aimée*.'"

"How I should have liked such a friend! but I am afraid she would have been so much my superior, she would have despised me—Isabella would have had all her conversation, because she knows so much, and I know nothing!"

"If you know that you know nothing," said Madame de Rosier, with an encouraging smile, "you know as much as the wisest of men. When the oracle pronounced Socrates to be the wisest of men, he explained it by observing, 'that he knew himself to be ignorant, whilst other men,' said he, 'believing that they know everything, are not likely to improve.'"

"Then you think I am likely to improve?" said Matilda, with a look of doubtful hope.

"Certainly," said Madame de Rosier: "if you exert yourself, you may be anything you please."

"Not anything I please, for I should please to be as clever, and as good, and as amiable, and as estimable, too, as your Rosalie—but that's impossible. Tell me, however, what she was at my age—and what sort of things she used to do and say—and what books she read—and how she employed herself from morning till night."

"That must be for to-morrow," said Madame de Rosier; "I must now show Herbert the book of prints that he wanted to see."

It was the first time that Herbert had ever asked to look into a book. Madame de Rosier had taken him

entirely out of the hands of Mrs. Grace, and finding that his painful associations with the sight of the syllables in his dog's-eared spelling-book could not immediately be conquered, she prudently resolved to cultivate his powers of attention upon other subjects, and not to return to syllabic difficulties, until the young gentleman should have forgotten his literary misfortunes, and acquired sufficient energy and patience to insure success.

"It is of little consequence," said she, "whether the boy read a year sooner or later; but it is of great consequence that he should love literature."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Harcourt, to whom this observation was addressed; "I am sure you will manage all those things properly—I leave him entirely to you—Grace quite gives him up: if he read by the time we must think of sending him to school I shall be satisfied—only keep him out of my way," added she laughing, "when he is stammering over that unfortunate spelling-book, for I don't pretend to be gifted with the patience of Job."

"Have you any objection," said Madame de Rosier, "to my buying for him some new toys?"

"None in the world—buy anything you will—do anything you please—I give you *carte blanche*," said Mrs. Harcourt.

After Madame de Rosier had been some time at Mrs. Harcourt's, and had carefully studied the characters, or, more properly speaking, the habits of all her pupils, she took them with her one morning to a large toy-shop, or rather warehouse for toys, which had been lately opened, under the direction of an ingenious gentleman, who had employed proper workmen to execute rational toys for the rising generation.

When Herbert entered "the rational toy-shop," he looked all around, and, with an air of disappointment, exclaimed, "Why, I see neither whips nor horses! nor phaetons, nor coaches!"—"Nor dressed dolls!" said Favoretta, in a reproachful tone—"nor baby houses!"—"Nor

soldiers—nor a drum!" continued Herbert.—"I am sure I never saw such a toy-shop," said Favoretta; "I expected the finest things that ever were seen, because it was such a new great shop, and here are nothing but vulgar-looking



things—great carts and wheelbarrows, and things fit for orange-women's daughters, I think."

This sally of wit was not admired as much as it would have been by Favoretta's flatterers in her mother's drawing-room:—her brother seized upon the very cart which she had abused, and dragging it about the room, with noisy

joy, declared he had found out that it was better than a coach and six that would hold nothing; and he was even satisfied without horses, because he reflected that he could be the best horse himself; and that wooden horses, after all, cannot gallop, and they never mind if you whip them ever so much: "you must drag them along all the time, though you make believe," said Herbert, "that they draw the coach of themselves; if one gives them the least push, they tumble down on their sides, and one must turn back, for ever and ever, to set them up upon their wooden legs again. I don't like make-believe horses; I had rather be both man and horse for myself." Then, whipping himself, he galloped away, pleased with his centaur character.

Whilst Herbert's cart rolled on, Favoretta viewed it with scornful eyes; but at length, cured by the neglect of the spectators of this fit of disdain, she condescended to be pleased, and spied a few things worthy of her notice. Bilboquets, battledores, and shuttlecocks, she acknowledged were no bad things—"And pray," said she, "what are those pretty little baskets, Madame de Rosier? And those others, which look as if they were but just begun? And what are those strings, that look like mamma's bell cords?—and is that a thing for making laces, such as Grace laces me with? And what are those cabinets with little drawers for?"

Madame de Rosier had taken notice of these little cabinets—they were for young mineralogists; she was also tempted by a botanical apparatus; but as her pupils were not immediately going into the country, where flowers could be procured, she was forced to content herself with such things as could afford them employment in town. The making of baskets, of bell-ropes, and of cords for window-curtains, were occupations in which, she thought, they might successfully employ themselves. The materials for these little manufactures were here ready prepared; and only such difficulties were left as children love to conquer. The materials for the baskets, and a little magnifying

glass, which Favoretta wished to have, were just packed up in a basket, which was to serve for a model, when Herbert's voice was heard at the other end of the shop: he was exclaiming in an impatient tone, "I must and I will eat them, I say." He had crept under the counter, and, unperceived by the busy shopman, had dragged out of a pigeon-hole, near the ground, a parcel, wrapped up in brown paper: he had seated himself upon the ground, with his back to the company, and, with patience worthy of a better object, at length untied the difficult knot, pulled off the string, and opened the parcel. Within the brown paper there appeared a number of little packets, curiously folded in paper of a light brown. Herbert opened one of these, and finding that it contained a number of little round things which looked like comfits, he raised the paper to his mouth, which opened wide to receive them. The shopman stopping his arm, assured him that they were "not good to eat;" but Herbert replied in the angry tone which caught Madame de Rosier's ear. "They are the seeds of radishes, my dear," said she: "if they be sown in the ground, they will become radishes; then they will be fit to eat, but not till then. Taste them now, and try." He willingly obeyed; but put the seeds very quickly out of his mouth, when he found that they were not sweet. He then said, "that he wished he might have them, that he might sow them in the little garden behind his mother's house, that they might be fit to eat some time or other."

Madame de Rosier bought the radish-seeds, and ordered a little spade, a hoe, and a watering-pot, to be sent home for him.

Herbert's face brightened with joy: he was surprised to find that any of his requests were granted, because Grace had regularly reproved him for being troublesome whenever he asked for anything; hence he had learned to have recourse to force or fraud to obtain his objects. He ventured now to hold Madame de Rosier by the gown: "Stay

a little longer," said he; "I want to look at everything:" his curiosity dilated with his hopes.

When Madame de Rosier complied with his request to "stay a little longer," he had even the politeness to push a stool towards her, saying, "You'd better sit down; you will be tired of standing, as some people say they are; —but I'm not one of them. Tell 'em to give me down that wonderful thing, that I may see what it is, will you?"

The wonderful thing which had caught Herbert's attention was a dry printing press. Madame de Rosier was glad to procure this little machine for Herbert, for she hoped that the new associations of pleasure which he would form with the types in the little compositor's stick, would efface the painful remembrance of his early difficulties with the syllables in the spelling-book. She also purchased a box of models of common furniture, which were made to take to pieces, and to be put together again, and on which the names of all the parts were printed. A number of other useful toys tempted her, but she determined not to be too profuse: she did not wish to purchase the love of her little pupils by presents; her object was to provide them with independent occupations; to create a taste for industry, without the dangerous excitement of continual variety.

Isabella was delighted with the idea of filling up a small biographical chart, which resembled Priestley's; she was impatient also to draw the map of the world upon a small silk balloon, which could be filled with common air, or folded up flat at pleasure.

Matilda, after much hesitation, said she had decided in her mind, just as they were going out of the shop. She chose a small loom for weaving ribbon and tape, which Isabella admired, because she remembered to have seen it described in "Townsend's Travels:" but, before the man could put up the loom for Matilda, she begged to have a little machine for drawing in perspective, because the person who showed it assured her that it required "no sort

of genius" to draw perfectly well in perspective with this instrument.

"Now, ma'am, will you ask," cried Herbert, as the carriage stopped at his mother's door—"will you ask whether the man has brought home my spade and the watering-pot? I know you don't like that I should go to the servants for what I want; but I'm in a great hurry for the spade, because I want to dig the bed for my radishes before night: I've got my seeds safe in my hand."

Madame de Rosier, much pleased by this instance of obedience in her impatient pupil, instantly inquired for what he wanted, to convince him that it was possible he could have his wishes gratified by a person who was not an inhabitant of the stable or the kitchen. Isabella might have registered it in her list of remarkable events, that Herbert, this day, was not seen with the butler, the footman, or the coachman."

"Mamma! mamma! dear mamma!" cried Favoretta, running into the hall, and stopping Mrs. Harcourt, who was dressed, and going out to dinner, "do come into the parlour, to look at my basket, my beautiful basket, that I am making all myself." "And do, mother, or some of ye, come out into the garden, and see the bed that I've dug, with my own hands, for my radishes—I'm as hot as fire, I know," said Herbert, pushing his hat back from his forehead.

"Oh! don't come near me with the watering-pot in your hand," said Mrs. Harcourt, shrinking back, and looking at Herbert's hands, which were not as white as her own.

"The carriage is but just come to the door, ma'am," said Isabella, who next appeared in the hall; "I only want you for one instant, to show you something that is to hang up in your dressing-room, when I have finished it, mamma; it is really beautiful."

"Well, don't keep me long," said Mrs. Harcourt, "for, indeed, I am too late already."

"Oh, no! indeed you will not be too late, mamma—only

look at my basket," said Favoretta, gently pulling her mother by the hand into the parlour.

"Now, Isabella, pray let her look at my basket," cried the eager Favoretta, holding up the scarcely begun basket—"I will do a row, to show you how it is done;" and the little girl, with busy fingers, began to weave. The ingenious and delicate appearance of the work, and the happy countenance of the little workwoman, fixed the mother's pleased attention, and she, for a moment, forgot that her carriage was waiting.

"The carriage is at the door, ma'am," said the footman.

"I must be gone!" cried Mrs. Harcourt, starting from her reverie. "What am I doing here? I ought to have been away this half-hour—Matilda!—why is not she amongst you?"

Matilda, apart from the busy company, was reading with so much earnestness, that her mother called twice before she looked up.

"How happy you all look," continued Mrs. Harcourt; "and I am going to one of those terrible great dinners—I sha'n't eat one morsel; then cards all night, which I hate as much as you do, Isabella—pity me, Madame de Rosier!—Good-bye, happy creatures!"—and with some real and some affected reluctance, Mrs. Harcourt departed.

Our readers must have remarked that Herbert, when he seized upon the radish-seeds in the national toy-shop, had not then learned just notions of the nature of property. Madame de Rosier did not, like Mrs. Grace, repeat ineffectually, fifty times a day—"Master Herbert, don't touch that!" "Master Herbert, for shame!" "Let that alone sir!" "Master Herbert, how dare you, sir!" but she prudently began by putting forbidden goods entirely out of his reach: thus she, at least, prevented the necessity for perpetual, irritating prohibitions, and diminished with the temptation the desire to disobey; she gave him some things for his own use, and scrupulously refrained from encroaching upon his property: Isabella and Matilda followed her

example, in this respect, and thus practically explained to Herbert the meaning of the words mine and yours. He was extremely desirous of going with Madame de Rosier to different shops, but she coolly answered his entreaties by observing, "that she could not venture to take him into any one's house, till she was sure that he would not meddle with what was not his own." Herbert now felt the inconvenience of his lawless habits: to enjoy the pleasures, he perceived that it was necessary to submit to the duties of society; and he began to respect "the rights of things and persons."* When his new sense of right and wrong had been sufficiently exercised at home, Madame de Rosier ventured to expose him to more dangerous trials abroad; she took him to a carpenter's workshop, and though the saw, the hammer, the chisel, the plane, and the vice, assailed him in various forms of temptation, his powers of forbearance came off victorious.

Prints, as well as models, were used to enlarge his ideas of visible objects. Madame de Rosier borrowed the *Dictionnaire des Arts et des Métiers*, Buffon, and several books, which contained good prints of animals, machines, and architecture; these provided amusement on rainy days. At first she found it difficult to fix the attention of the boisterous Herbert and the capricious Favoretta. Before they had half examined one print, they wanted to turn over the leaf to see another; but this desultory, impatient curiosity she endeavoured to cure by steadily showing only one or two prints for each day's amusement. Herbert, who could but just spell words of one syllable, could not read what was written at the bottom of the prints, and he was sometimes ashamed of applying to Favoretta for assistance;—the names that were printed upon his little models of furniture he at length learned to make out. The press was obliged to stand still when Favoretta, or his friend, Madame de Rosier, were not at hand, to tell him, letter by letter, how to spell the words that he

* Blackstone.

wanted to print. He, one evening, went up to Madame de Rosier, and, with a resolute face, said, "I must learn to read."

"If anybody will be so good as to teach you, I suppose you mean," said she, smiling.*

"Will you be so good?" said he: "perhaps you could teach me, though Grace says 'tis very difficult; I'll do my best."

"Then I'll do my best too," said Madame de Rosier.

The consequences of these good resolutions were surprising to Mrs. Grace. Master Herbert was quite changed, she observed; and she wondered why he would never read when she took so much pains with him for an hour every day to hear him his task. "Madame de What d'ye call her," added Mrs. Grace, "need not boast much of the hand she has had in the business: for I've been by at odd times, and watched her ways, whilst I have been dressing Miss Favoretta, and she has been hearing you your task, Master Herbert."

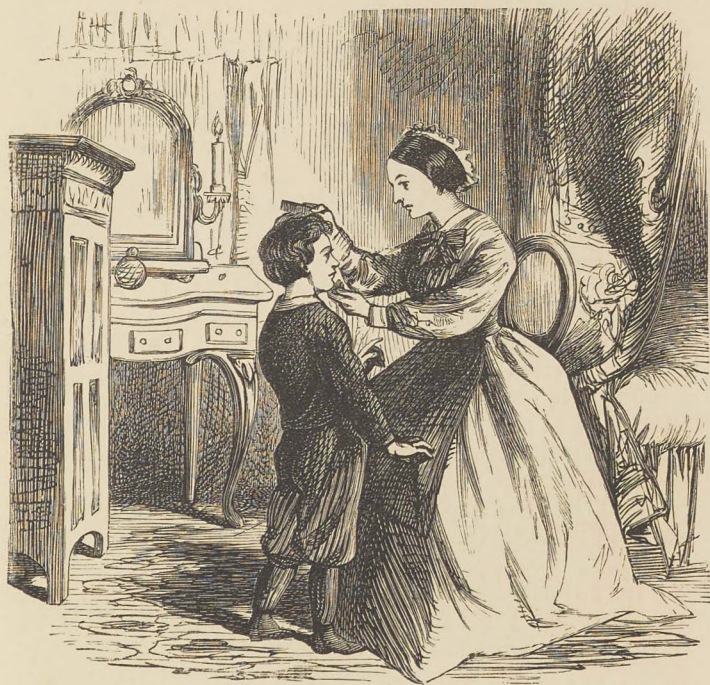
"She doesn't call it my task—I hate that word."

"Well, I don't know what she calls it; for I don't pretend to be a French governess, for my part; but I can read English, Master Herbert, as well as another; and it's strange if I could not teach my mother tongue better than an emigrant. What I say is, that she never takes much pains one way or the other; for by the clock in mistress's dressing-room, I minuted her twice, and she was five minutes at one time, and not above seven the other. Easy earning money for governesses, now-a-days. No tasks!—no, not she!—Nothing all day long but play—play—play, laughing and running, and walking, and going to see all the shops and sights, and going out in the coach to bring home radishes and tongue-grass, to be sure—and everything in the house is to be as she pleases, to be sure. I am sure my mistress is too good to her, only because she was born a lady, they say. Do, pray, Master Herbert, stand still

* Vide Rousseau.

whilst I comb your hair, unless that's against your new governess's commandments."

"I'll comb my own hair, Grace," said Herbert, manfully. "I don't like one word you have been saying; though



I don't mind anything you, or anybody else, can say against my friend."

Herbert, red with generous passion, rushed out of the room, and Grace, pale with malicious rage, turned towards the other door that opened into Mrs. Harcourt's bed-chamber, for Madame de Rosier at this moment appeared

"I thought I heard a great noise?"—"It was only Master Herbert, ma'am, that won't never stand still to have his hair combed—and says he'll comb it for himself—I am sure I wish he would."

Madame de Rosier saw, by the embarrassed manner and stifled choler of Mrs. Grace, that the whole truth of the business had not been told, and she repented her indiscretion in having left Herbert with her even for a few minutes. She forbore, however, to question Herbert, who maintained a dignified silence upon the subject; and the same species of silence would also become the historian upon this occasion, were it not necessary that the character of an intriguing lady's maid should, for the sake both of parents and children, be fully delineated.

Mrs. Grace, offended by Madame de Rosier's success in teaching her former pupil to read; jealous of this lady's favour with her mistress and with the young ladies; irritated by the bold defiance of the indignant champion who had stood forth in his friend's defence, formed a secret resolution to obtain revenge. This she imparted, the very same day, to her confidante, Mrs. Rebecca. Mrs. Rebecca was the favourite maid of Mrs. Fanshaw, an acquaintance of Mrs. Harcourt. Grace invited Mrs. Rebecca to drink tea with her. As soon as the preliminary ceremonies of the tea-table had been adjusted, she proceeded to state her grievances.

"In former times, as nobody knows better than you, Mrs. Rebecca, I had my mistress's ear, and was all in all in the house, with her and the young ladies, and the old governess; and it was I that was to teach Master Herbert to read; and Miss Favoretta was almost constantly from morning to night, except when she was called for by company, with me, and a sweet little well-dressed creature always, you know, she was."

"A sweet little creature, indeed, ma'am, and I was wondering, before you spoke, not to see her in your room, as usual, to-night," replied Mrs. Rebecca.

"Dear Mrs. Rebecca, you need not wonder at that, or or anything else that's wonderful, in our present government above-stairs, I'll assure you; for we have a new French governess, and new measures. Do you know, ma'am, the coach is ordered to go about at all hours, whenever she pleases for to take the young ladies out, and she is quite like my mistress. But no one can bear two mistresses, you know, Mrs. Rebecca; wherefore I'm come to a resolution, in short, that either she or I shall quit the house, and we shall presently see which of us it must be. Mrs. Harcourt, at the upshot of all things, must be conscious, at the bottom of her heart, that, if she is the elegantest dresser about town, it's not all her own merit."

"Very true indeed, Mrs. Grace," replied her complaisant friend; "and what sums of money her millinery might cost her, if she had no one clever at making up things at home! You are blamed by many, let me tell you, for doing so much as you do. Mrs. Private, the milliner, I know from the best authority, is not your friend: now, for my part, I think it is no bad thing to have friends abroad if one comes to any difficulties at home. Indeed, my dear, your attachment to Mrs. Harcourt quite blinds you—but, to be sure, you know your own affairs best."

"Why, I am not for changing when I am well," replied Grace; "Mrs. Harcourt is abroad a great deal, and hers is, all things considered, a very eligible house. Now, what I build my hopes upon, my dear Mrs. Rebecca, is this—that ladies, like some people who have been beauties, and come to make themselves up, and wear pearl powder, and false auburn hair, and twenty things that are not to be advertised, you know, don't like quarrelling with those that are in the secret—and ladies who have never made a rout about governesses and education till lately, and now, perhaps, only for fashion's sake, would upon a pinch—don't you think—rather part with a French governess, when there are so many, than with a favourite maid who knows

her ways, and has a good taste in dress, which so few can boast?"

"Oh, surely! surely!" said Mrs. Rebecca: and having tasted Mrs. Grace's *crème de noyau*, it was decided that war should be declared against the governess.

Madame de Rosier, happily unconscious of the machinations of her enemies, and even unsuspecting of having any, was, during this important conference, employed in reading Marmontel's "*Silvain*," with Isabella and Matilda. They were extremely interested in this little play; and Mrs. Harcourt, who came into the room whilst they were reading, actually sat down on the sofa beside Isabella, and, putting her arm round her daughter's waist, said—"Go on, love; let me have a share in some of your pleasures—lately, whenever I see you, you all look the picture of happiness. Go on, pray, Madame de Rosier."

"It was I who was reading, mamma," said Isabella, pointing to the place over Madame de Rosier's shoulder—

‘ Une femme douce et sage
A toujours tant d'avantage !
Elle a pour elle en partage
L'agrément, et la raison.’”

"Isabella," said Mrs. Harcourt, from whom a scarcely audible sigh had escaped—"Isabella really reads French almost as well as she does English."

"I am improved very much since I have heard Madame de Rosier read," said Isabella.

"I don't doubt that, in the least; you are, all of you, much improved, I think, in everything;—I am sure I feel very much obliged to Madame de Rosier."

Matilda looked pleased by this speech of her mother, and affectionately said, "I am glad, mamma, you like her as well as we do—oh, I forgot that Madame de Rosier was by—but it is not flattery, however."

"You see you have won all their hearts"—from me, Mrs. Harcourt was near saying, but she paused, and, with

a faint laugh, added—"yet you see I am not jealous. Matilda! read those lines that your sister has just read; I want to hear them again."

Mrs. Harcourt sent for her work, and spent the evening at home. Madame de Rosier, without effort or affectation, dissipated the slight feeling of jealousy which she observed in the mother's mind, and directed towards her the attention of her children, without disclaiming, however, the praise that was justly her due. She was aware that she could not increase her pupils' real affection for their mother, by urging them to sentimental hypocrisy.

Whether Mrs. Harcourt understood her conduct this evening, she could not discover—for politeness does not always speak the unqualified language of the heart—but she trusted to the effect of time, on which persons of integrity may always securely rely for their reward. Mrs. Harcourt gradually discovered that, as she became more interested in the occupations and amusements of her children, they became more and more grateful for her sympathy; she consequently grew fonder of domestic life, and of the person who had introduced its pleasures into her family.

That we may not be accused of attributing any miraculous power to our French governess, we shall explain the natural means by which she improved her pupils.

We have already pointed out how she discouraged, in Isabella, the vain desire to load her memory with historical and chronological facts, merely for the purpose of ostentation. She gradually excited her to read books of reasoning, and began with those in which reasoning and amusement are mixed. She also endeavoured to cultivate her imagination, by giving her a few well-chosen passages to read, from the best English, French, and Italian poets. It was an easier task to direct the activity of Isabella's mind, than to excite Matilda's dormant powers. Madame de Rosier patiently waited till she discovered something which

seemed to please Matilda more than usual. The first book that she appeared to like particularly was, "*Les Conversations d'Emilie*:" one passage she read with great delight aloud; and Madame de Rosier, who perceived by the manner of reading it that she completely understood the elegance of the French, begged her to try if she could translate it into English: it was not more than half a page. Matilda was not terrified at the length of such an undertaking: she succeeded, and the praises that were bestowed upon her translation excited in her mind some portion of ambition.

Madame de Rosier took the greatest care in conversing with Matilda, to make her feel her own powers: whenever she used good arguments, they were immediately attended to; and when Matilda perceived that a prodigious memory was not essential to success, she was inspired with courage to converse unreservedly.

Madame de Rosier determined to cultivate her talents for arithmetic. Without fatiguing Matilda's attention by long exercises in the common rules, she gave her questions which obliged her to think, and which excited her to reason and to invent; she gradually explained to her pupil the relations of numbers, and gave her rather more clear ideas of the nature and use of the common rules of arithmetic than she had acquired from her writing-master, who had taught them only in a technical manner. Matilda's confidence in herself was thus increased. When she had answered a difficult question, she could not doubt that she had succeeded; this was not a matter that admitted of the uncertainty which alarms timid tempers. Madame de Rosier began by asking her young arithmetician questions only when they were by themselves—but by and by she appealed to her before the rest of the family.

"Now, my dear Matilda," said Madame de Rosier, "since you understand what even Isabella thinks difficult, you will, I hope, have sufficient confidence in your-

self to attempt things which Isabella does not think difficult."

Matilda shook her head—"I am not Isabella yet," said she.

"No!" cried Isabella, with generous, sincere warmth; "but you are much superior to Isabella: I am certain that I could not answer those difficult questions, though you think me so quick—and, when once you have learned anything, you never forget it; the ideas are not superficial," continued Isabella, turning to Madame de Rosier; "they have depth, like the pins in mosaic work."

Madame de Rosier smiled at this allusion, and, encouraged by her smile, Isabella's active imagination immediately produced another simile.

"I did not know my sister's abilities till lately—till you drew them out, Madame de Rosier, like your drawing upon the screen in sympathetic inks;—when you first produced it, I looked, and said there was nothing; and when I looked again, after you had held it to the fire for a few moments, beautiful colours and figures appeared."

Madame de Rosier, without using any artifice, succeeded in making Isabella and Matilda friends, instead of rivals.

With Herbert and Favoretta she pursued a similar plan. She scarcely ever left them alone together, that she might not run the hazard of their quarrelling in her absence.

Madame de Rosier used to hear them read in Mrs. Barbauld's excellent little books, and in "Evenings at Home;" she generally told them some interesting story when they had finished reading, and they regularly seated themselves, side by side, on the carpet, opposite to her.

One day Herbert established himself in what he called his "happy corner," Favoretta placed herself close beside him, and Madame de Rosier read to them that part of "Sandford and Merton" in which Squire Chace is represented beating Harry Sandford unmercifully because he refused to tell which way the hare was gone. Madame

de Rosier observed that this story made a great impression upon Herbert, and she thought it a good opportunity, whilst his mind was warm, to point out the difference between resolution and obstinacy.

He exclaimed with admiration, upon hearing the account of Harry Sandford's fortitude, "That's right!—that's right!—I am glad Harry did not tell that cruel Squire Chace which way the hare was gone. I like Harry for bearing to be beaten, rather than speak a word when he did not choose it. I love Harry, don't you?" said he, appealing to Madame de Rosier.

"Yes, I like him very much," said Madame de Rosier: "but not for the reason that you have just given."

"No!" said Herbert, starting up: "why, ma'am, don't you like Harry for saving the poor hare? don't you admire him for bearing all the hard blows, and for saying, when the man asked him afterward why he didn't tell which way the hare was gone, 'Because I don't choose to betray the unfortunate'?"

"Oh! don't you love him for that?" said Favoretta, rising from her seat; "I think Herbert himself would have given just such an answer, only not in such good words. I wonder, Madame de Rosier, you don't like that answer!"

"I have never said that I did not like that answer," said Madame de Rosier, as soon as she was permitted to speak.

"Then you do like it? then you do like Harry?" exclaimed Herbert and Favoretta, both at once.

"Yes, I like that answer, Herbert; I like your friend Harry for saying that he did not choose to betray the unfortunate. You did not do him justice or yourself, when you said just now that you liked Harry because he bore to be beaten rather than speak a word when he did not choose it."

Herbert looked puzzled.

"I mean," continued Madame de Rosier, "that, before I

can determine whether I like and admire anybody for persisting in doing or in not doing anything, I must hear their reasons for their resolution. 'I don't choose it,' is no reason; I must hear their reasons for choosing or not choosing it before I can judge."

"And I have told you the reason Harry gave for not choosing to speak when he was asked, and you said it was a good one; and you like him for his courage, don't you?" said Herbert.

"Yes," said Madame de Rosier; "those who are resolute, when they have good reasons for their resolution, I admire; those who persist merely because they choose it, and who cannot, or will not, tell why they choose it, I despise."

"Oh, so do I!" said Favoretta: "you know, brother, whenever you say you don't choose it, I am always angry, and ask you why."

"And if you were not always angry," said Madame de Rosier, "perhaps sometimes your brother would tell you why."

"Yes, that I should," said Herbert; "I always have a good reason to give Favoretta, though I don't always choose to give it."

"Then," said Madame de Rosier, "you cannot always expect your sister to admire the justice of your decisions."

"No," replied Herbert; "but when I don't give her a reason, 'tis generally because it is not worth while. There can be no great wisdom, you know, in resolutions about trifles: such as, whether she should be my horse or I her horse, or whether I should water my radishes before breakfast or after."

"Certainly, you are right: there can be no great wisdom in resolutions about such trifles, therefore wise people never are obstinate about trifles."

"Do you know," cried Herbert, after a pause, "they used, before you came, to say that I was obstinate; but

with you I have never been so, because you know how to manage me; you manage me a great deal more cunningly than Grace used to do."

"I would not manage you more cunningly than Grace used to do, if I could," replied Madame de Rosier; "for then I should manage you worse than she did. It is no pleasure to me to govern you; I had much rather that you should use your reason to govern yourself."

Herbert pulled down his waistcoat, and drawing up his head, looked with conscious dignity at Favoretta.

"You know," continued Madame de Rosier, "that there are two ways of governing people—by reason and by force. Those who have no reason, or who do not use it, must be governed by force."

"I am not one of those," said Herbert, "for I hate force."

"But you must also love reason," said Madame de Rosier, "if you would not be one of those."

"Well, so I do, when I hear it from you," replied Herbert, bluntly; "for you give me reasons that I can understand, when you ask me to do or not to do anything: I wish people would always do so."

"But, Herbert," said Madame de Rosier, "you must sometimes be contented to do as you are desired, even when I do not think it proper to give you my reasons;—you will, hereafter, find that I have good ones."

"I have found that already in a great many things," said Herbert; "especially about the caterpillar."

"What about the caterpillar?" said Favoretta.

"Don't you remember," said Herbert, "the day that I was going to tread upon what I thought was a little bit of black stick, and she desired me not to do it, and I did not, and afterwards I found out that it was a caterpillar;—ever since that day I have been more ready, you know," continued he, turning to Madame de Rosier, "to believe that you might be in the right, and to do as you bid me—you don't think me obstinate, do you?"

"No," said Madame de Rosier.

"No! no!—do you hear that, Favoretta?" cried Herbert joyfully: "Grace used to say I was as obstinate as a mule, and she used to call me an ass, too: but even poor asses are not obstinate when they are well treated. "I am not an ass," said Herbert, "but I think Madame de Rosier is very kind, and I always obey whenever she speaks to me. By the by," continued Herbert, who now seemed eager to recollect something by which he could show his readiness to obey—"by the by, Grace told me that my mother desired I should go to her, and have my hair combed every day; now I don't like it, but I will do it because mamma desires it, and I will go this instant; will you come and see how still I can stand? I will show you that I am not obstinate."

Madame de Rosier followed the little hero, to witness his triumph over himself. Grace happened to be with her mistress, who was dressing.

"Mamma, I am come to do as you bid me," cried Herbert, walking stoutly into the room: "Grace, here's the comb;" and he turned to her the tangled locks at the back of his head. She pulled unmercifully, but he stood without moving a muscle of his countenance.

Mrs. Harcourt, who saw in her looking-glass what was passing, turned round, and said, "Gently, gently, Grace; indeed, Grace, you do pull that poor boy's hair as if you thought that his head had no feeling; I am sure, if you were to pull my hair in that manner, I could not bear it so well."

"Your hair!—Oh, dear ma'am, that's quite another thing—but Master Herbert's is always in such a tangle, there's no such thing as managing it." Again Mrs. Grace gave a desperate pull. Herbert bore it, looked up at Madame de Rosier, and said, "Now, that was resolution, not obstinacy, you know."

"Here is your little obedient and patient boy," said Madame de Rosier, leading Herbert to his mother, "who deserves to be rewarded with a kiss from you."

"That he shall have," said Mrs. Harcourt; "but why does Grace pull your hair so hard? and are not you almost able to comb your own hair?"

"Able! that I am. Oh, mother, I wish I might do it for myself."

"And has Madame de Rosier any objection to it?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"None in the least," said Madame de Rosier; "on the contrary, I wish that he should do everything that he can do for himself; but he told me that it was your desire that he should apply to Mrs. Grace, and I was pleased to see his ready obedience to your wishes: you may be very certain that, even in the slightest trifles, as well as in matters of consequence, it is our wish, as much as it is our duty, to do exactly as you desire."

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Harcourt, laying her hand upon Madame de Rosier's, with an expression of real kindness, mixed with her habitual politeness, "I am sensible of your goodness, but you know that in the slightest trifles, as well as in matters of consequence, I leave everything implicitly to your better judgment: as to this business between Herbert and Grace, I don't understand it."

"Mother——" said Herbert.

"Madam," said Grace, pushing forward, but not very well knowing what she intended to say, "if you recollect, you desired me to comb Master Herbert's hair, ma'am, and I told Master Herbert so, ma'am, that's all."

"I do not recollect anything at all about it, indeed, Grace."

"Oh dear, ma'am! don't you recollect the last day there was company, and Master Herbert came to the top of the stairs, and you was looking at the organ's lamp, I said, 'Dear! Master Herbert's hair's as rough as a porcupine's;' and you said directly, ma'am, if you recollect, 'I wish you would make that boy's hair fit to be seen;' those was your very words, ma'am, and I thought you meant always, ma'am."

"You mistook me, Grace," said Mrs. Harcourt, smiling at her maid's eager volubility: "in future, you understand that Herbert is to be entire master of his own hair."

"Thank you, mother," said Herbert.

"Nay, my dear Herbert, thank Madame de Rosier; I only speak in her name. You understand, I am sure, Grace, now," said Mrs. Harcourt, calling to her maid, who seemed to be in haste to quit the room—"you, I hope, understand, Grace, that Madame de Rosier and I are always of one mind about the children; therefore you need never be puzzled by contradictory orders—hers are to be obeyed."

Mrs. Harcourt was so much pleased when she looked at Herbert, as she concluded this sentence, to see an expression of great affection and gratitude, that she stooped instantly to kiss him.

"Another kiss! two kisses to-day from my mother, and one of her own accord!" exclaimed Herbert, joyfully, running out of the room to tell the news to Favoretta.

"That boy has a heart," said Mrs. Harcourt, with some emotion; "you have found it out for me, Madame de Rosier, and I thank you."

Madame de Rosier seized the propitious moment to present a card of invitation, which Herbert, with much labour, had printed with his little printing-press.

"What have we here?" said Mrs. Harcourt, and she read aloud,—

"Mr. Herbert Harcourt's love to his dear mother, and if she be not engaged this evening, he should be exceedingly glad of her company, to meet Isabella, Matilda, Favoretta, and Madame de Rosier, who have promised to sup with him upon his own radishes to-night. They are all very impatient for your answer."

"My answer they shall have in an instant," said Mrs. Harcourt: "why, Madame de Rosier, this is the boy who could neither read nor spell six months ago. Will you be my messenger?" added she, putting a card into Madame

de Rosier's hand, which she had written with rapidity:—"Mrs. Harcourt's love to her dear little Herbert; if she had a hundred other invitations, she would accept of his."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Grace, when she found the feathers which she had placed with so much skill in her mistress's hair, lying upon the table half an hour afterward, "why, I thought my mistress was going out!"

Grace's surprise deprived her even of the power of exclamation, when she learned that her mistress stayed at home to sup with Master Herbert upon radishes. At night she listened with malignant curiosity, as she sat at work in her mistress's dressing-room, to the frequent bursts of laughter, and to the happy little voices of the festive company who were at supper in an adjoining apartment.

"This will never do!" thought Grace; but presently the laughter ceased, and listening attentively, she heard the voice of one of the young ladies reading. "Oh ho!" thought Grace, "if it comes to reading, Master Herbert will soon be asleep." But though it had "come to reading," Herbert was, at this instant, broad awake.

At supper, when the radishes were distributed, Favoretta was very impatient to taste them; the first which she tasted was hot, she said, and she did not quite like it.

"Hot!" cried Herbert, who criticised her language in return for her criticism upon his radishes, "I don't think you can call a radish hot; it is cold, I think. I know what is meant by tasting sweet, or sour, or bitter."

"Well," interrupted Favoretta, "what is the name for the taste of this radish which bites my tongue?"

"Pungent," said Isabella, and she eagerly produced a quotation in support of her epithet,—

"'And pungent radish biting infant's tongue.'"

"I know for once," said Matilda, smiling, "where you met with that line, I believe: is it not in Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress,' in the description of the old woman's neat little garden?"

"Oh, I should like to hear about that old woman's neat little garden," cried Herbert.

"And so should I," said Mrs. Harecourt and Madame de Rosier.

Isabella quickly produced the book after supper, and read the poem.

Herbert and Favoretta liked the old woman and her garden, and they were much interested for the little boy, who was whipped for having been gazing at the pictures on the horn-book instead of learning his lesson.

Madame de Rosier had lent Favoretta and Herbert, for their amusement, the first number of "The Cabinet of Quadrupeds," in which there are beautiful prints; but, unfortunately, some dispute arose between the children. Favoretta thought her brother looked too long at the hunchbacked camel; he accused her of turning over leaves before she had half seen the prints; but she listened not to his just reproaches, for she had caught a glimpse of the royal tiger springing upon Mr. Munro, and she could no longer restrain her impatience. Each party began to pull at the book; and the camel and the royal tiger were both in imminent danger of being torn in pieces, when Madame de Rosier interfered, parted the combatants, and sent them into separate rooms, as it was her custom to do whenever they could not agree together.

Grace, the moment she heard Favoretta crying, went up to the room where she was, and made her tiptoe approaches, addressing Favoretta in a tone of compassion, which, to a child's unpractised ear, might appear, perhaps, the natural voice of sympathy. The sobbing child hid her face in Grace's lap; and when she had told her complaint against Madame de Rosier, Grace comforted her for the loss of the royal tiger by the present of a queen-cake. Grace did not dare to stay long in the room, lest Madame de Rosier should detect her; she therefore left the little girl, with a strict charge "not to say a word of the queen-cake to her governess."

Favoretta kept the queen-cake that she might divide it with Herbert, for she now recollected that she had been most to blame in the dispute about the prints. Herbert absolutely refused, however, to have any share of the cake, and he strongly urged his sister to return it to Grace.

It was with some difficulty that he prevailed upon Favoretta to restore the queen-cake: the arguments that he used we shall not detail; but he concluded with promising, that if Favoretta would return the cake, he would ask Madame de Rosier, the next time they passed by the pastrycook's shop, to give them some queen-cakes—"and I dare say she will give us some, for she is much more really good-natured than Grace."

Favoretta, with this hope of a future queen-cake, in addition to all her brother's arguments, at last determined to return Grace's present—"Herbert says I had better give it you back again," said she, "because Madame de Rosier does not know it."

Grace was somewhat surprised by the effect of Herbert's oratory, and she saw that she must change her ground.

The next day, when the children were walking with Madame de Rosier by a pastrycook's shop, Herbert, with an honest countenance, asked Madame de Rosier to give Favoretta and him a queen-cake. She complied, for she was glad to find that he always asked frankly for what he wanted, and yet that he bore refusals with good humour.

Just as Herbert was going to eat his queen-cake, he heard the sound of music in the street; he went to the door, and saw a poor man who was playing on the dulcimer; a little boy was with him, who looked extremely thin and hungry—he asked Herbert for some halfpence.

"I have no money of my own," said Herbert, "but I can give you this, which is my own."

Madame de Rosier held his hand back, which he had just stretched out to offer his queen-cake; she advised him to exchange it for something more substantial; she told him that he might have two buns for one queen-cake.

He immediately changed it for two buns, and gave them to the little boy, who thanked him heartily. The man who was playing on the dulcimer asked where Herbert lived, and promised to stop at his door to play a tune for him, which he seemed to like particularly.



Convinced by the affair of the queen-cake that Herbert's influence was a matter of some consequence in the family, Mrs. Grace began to repent that she had made him her enemy, and she resolved, upon the first convenient occasion, to make him overtures of peace—overtures which, she had no doubt, would be readily accepted.

One morning she heard him sighing and groaning, as she thought, over some difficult sum, which Madame de Rosier had set for him; he cast up one row aloud several times, but could not bring the total twice to the same thing. When he took his sum to Madame de Rosier, who was dressing, he was kept waiting a few minutes at the door, because Favoretta was not dressed. The young gentleman became a little impatient, and when he gained admittance, his sum was wrong.

"Then I cannot make it right," said Herbert, passionately.

"Try," said Madame de Rosier; "go into that closet by yourself and try once more, and perhaps you will find that you *can* make it right."

Herbert knelt down in the closet, though rather unwillingly, to this provoking sum.

"Master Herbert, my dear," said Mrs. Grace, following him, "will you be so good as to go for Miss Favoretta's scissors, if you please, which she lent you yesterday?—she wants 'em, my dear."

Herbert, surprised by the unusually good-natured tone of this request, ran for the scissors, and at his return, found that his difficult sum had been cast up in his absence; the total was written at the bottom of it, and he read these words, which he knew to be in Mrs. Grace's writing, "Rub out my figures, and write them in your own." Herbert immediately rubbed out Mrs. Grace's figures with indignation, and determined to do the sum for himself. He carried it to Madame de Rosier—it was wrong. Grace stared; and when she saw Herbert patiently stand beside Madame de Rosier and repeat his efforts, she gave up all idea of obtaining any influence over him.

"Madame de Rosier," said she to herself, "has bewitched 'em all; I think it's odd one can't find out her art!"

One morning Mrs. Harcourt found, when she awoke, that she had a headache and a slight feverish complaint. She had caught cold the night before in coming out of

a warm assembly-room. Mrs. Grace affected to be much alarmed at her mistress's indisposition, and urged her to send immediately for Dr. X——. To this Mrs. Harcourt half consented, and a messenger was sent for him. In the meantime Mrs. Harcourt, who had been used to be much attended to in her slight indispositions, expressed some surprise that Madame de Rosier, or some of her children, when they heard that she was ill, had not come to see her.

"Where is Isabella? where is Matilda or Favoretta? what is become of them all? Do they know I am ill, Grace?"

"Oh dear! yes, ma'am; but they're all gone out in the coach with Madame de Rosier."

"All?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"All, I believe, ma'am," said Grace; "though, indeed, I can't pretend to be sure, since I make it my business not to scrutinize, and to know as little as possible of what's going on in the house, lest I should seem to be too particular."

"Did Madame de Rosier leave any message for me before she went out?"

"Not with me, ma'am."

Here the prevaricating waiting-maid told barely the truth in words: Madame de Rosier had left a message with the footman in Grace's hearing.

"I hope, ma'am," continued Grace, "you weren't disturbed with the noise in the house early this morning?"

"What noise?—I heard no noise," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"No noise! dear ma'am, I'm as glad as can possibly be of that, at any rate; but to be sure there was a great racket. I was really afraid, ma'am, it would do no good to your poor head."

"What was the matter?" said Mrs. Harcourt, drawing back the curtain.

"Oh, nothing, ma'am, that need alarm you—only music and dancing."

"Music and dancing so early in the morning! Do, Grace, say all you have to say at once, for you keep me in suspense, which I am sure is not good for my head."

"La, ma'am, I was so afraid it would make you angry, ma'am—that was what made me so backward in mentioning it; but, to be sure, Madame de Rosier, and the young ladies, and Master Herbert, I suppose, thought you couldn't hear, because it was in the back parlour, ma'am."

"Hear what? what was in the back parlour?"

"Only a dulcimer man, ma'am, playing for the young ladies."

"Did you tell them I was ill, Grace?"

It was the second time Mrs. Harcourt had asked this question. Grace was gratified by this symptom.

"Indeed, ma'am," she replied, "I did make bold to tell Master Herbert that I was afraid you would hear him jumping and making such an uproar up and down the stairs; but, to be sure, I did not say a word to the young ladies; as Madame de Rosier was by, I thought she knew best."

A gentle knock at the door interrupted Mrs. Grace's charitable animadversions.

"Bless me, if it isn't the young ladies! I'm sure I thought they were gone out in the coach."

As Isabella and Matilda came up to the side of their mother's bed, she said, in a languid voice,—

"I hope, Matilda, my dear, you did not stay at home on my account.—Is Isabella there? What book has she in her hand?"

"Zeluco, mamma—I thought perhaps you would like to hear some more of it—you liked what I read to you the other day."

"But you forget that I have a terrible headache. Pray don't let me detain either of you, if you have anything to do for Madame de Rosier."

"Nothing in the world, mamma," said Matilda; "she is gone to take Herbert and Favoretta to Exeter Change."

No farther explanation could take place, for at this instant Mrs. Grace introduced Dr. X——. Now Dr. X—— was not one of those complaisant physicians who flatter ladies that they are very ill when they have any desire to excite tender alarm.

After satisfying himself that his patient was not quite so ill as Mrs. Grace had affected to believe, Dr. X—— insensibly led from medical inquiries to general conversation: he had much playful wit and knowledge of the human heart, mixed with a variety of information, so that he could with happy facility amuse and interest nervous patients, who were beyond the power of the solemn apothecary.

The doctor drew the young ladies into conversation by rallying Isabella upon her simplicity in reading a novel openly in her mother's presence; he observed that she did not follow the example of the famous Serena in "The Triumphs of Temper." "Zeluco!" he exclaimed, in an ironical tone of disdain; "why not the charming 'Sorrows of Werter,' or some of our fashionable hobgoblin romances?"

Isabella undertook the defence of her book with much enthusiasm, and either her cause or her defence was so much to Dr. X——'s taste, that he gradually gave up his feigned attack.

After the argument was over, and everybody, not excepting Mrs. Harcourt, who had almost forgotten her headache, was pleased with the vanquished doctor, he drew from his pocket-book three or four small cards; they were tickets of admittance to Lady N——'s French reading parties.

Lady N—— was an elderly lady, whose rank made literature fashionable amongst many who aspired to the honour of being noticed by her. She was esteemed such an excellent judge of manners, abilities, and character, that her approbation was anxiously courted, more especially by mothers who were just introducing their daughters into the world. She was fond of encouraging youthful merit; but

she was nice, some thought fastidious, in the choice of her young acquaintance.

Mrs. Harcourt had been very desirous that Isabella and Matilda should be early distinguished by a person whose approving voice was of so much consequence in fashionable as well as in literary society; and she was highly flattered by Dr. X——'s prophecy, that Isabella would be a great favourite of this "nice judging" lady; "Provided," added he, turning to Isabella, "you have the prudence not to be always, as you have been this morning, victorious in argument."

"I think," said Mrs. Harcourt, after the doctor had taken his leave, "I think I am much better—ring for Grace, and I will get up."

"Mamma," said Matilda, "if you will give me leave, I will give my ticket for the reading party to Madame de Rosier, because I am sure it is an entertainment she will like particularly—and, you know, she confines herself so much with us——"

"I do not wish her to confine herself *so* much, my dear, I am sure," said Mrs. Harcourt, coldly, for at this instant Grace's representations of the morning's music and dancing, and some remains of her former jealousy of Madame de Rosier's influence over her children's affections, operated upon her mind. Pride prevented her from explaining herself further to Isabella or Matilda, and though they saw that she was displeased, they had no idea of the reason. As she was dressing, Mrs. Harcourt conversed with them about the books they were reading. Matilda was reading "Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty," and she gave a distinct account of his theory.

Mrs. Harcourt, when she perceived her daughter's rapid improvement, felt a mixture of joy and sorrow.

"My dears," said she, "you will all of you be much superior to your mother; but girls were educated in my days quite in a different style from what they are now."

"Ah! there were no Madame de Rosiers then," said Matilda, innocently.

"What sort of a woman was your mother, mamma?" said Isabella, "my grandmother, mamma?"

"She—she was a very good woman."

"Was she sensible?" said Isabella.

"Matilda, my dear," said Mrs. Harcourt, "I wish you would see if Madame de Rosier has returned—I should be very glad to speak with her for one moment, if she be not engaged."

Under the veil of politeness Mrs. Harcourt concealed her real feelings, and declaring to Madame de Rosier that she did not feel in spirits, or sufficiently well, to go out that evening, she requested that Madame de Rosier would go in her stead to a dinner, where she knew her company would be particularly acceptable. "You will trust me, will you, with your pupils for one evening?" added Mrs. Harcourt.

The tone and manner in which she pronounced these words revealed the real state of her mind to Madame de Rosier, who immediately complied with her wishes.

Conscious of this lady's quick penetration, Mrs. Harcourt was abashed by this ready compliance, and she blamed herself for feelings which she could not suppress.

"I am sorry that you were not at home this morning," she continued, in a hurried manner, "you would have been delighted with Dr. X——; he is one of the most entertaining men I am acquainted with,—and you would have been vastly proud of your pupil there," pointing to Isabella; "I assure you, she pleased me extremely."

In the evening, after Madame de Rosier's departure, Mrs. Harcourt was not quite so happy as she had expected. They who have only seen children in picturesque situations, are not aware how much the duration of this domestic happiness depends upon those who have the care of them. People who, with the greatest abilities and the most anxious affection, are unexperienced in education, should

not be surprised or mortified if their first attempts be not attended with success. Mrs. Harcourt thought that she was doing what was very useful in hearing Herbert read; he read with tolerable fluency, but he stopped at the end of almost every sentence to weigh the exact sense of the words. In this habit he had been indulged, or rather encouraged, by his preceptress; but his simple questions, and his desire to have every word precisely explained, were far from amusing to one who was little accustomed to the difficulties and misapprehensions of a young reader.

Herbert was reading a passage which Madame de Rosier had marked for him in Xenophon's *Cyropædia*. With her explanations it might have been intelligible to him. Herbert read the account of Cyrus's judgment upon the two boys who had quarrelled about their great and little coats, much to his mother's satisfaction, because he had understood every word of it, except the word *constituted*.

"*Constituted judge*—what does that mean, mamma?"

"Made a judge, my dear: go on."

"I saw a judge once, mamma, in a great wig—had Cyrus a wig when he was con—consti—made a judge?"

Isabella and Mrs. Harcourt laughed at this question; and they endeavoured to explain the difference between a Persian and an English judge.

Herbert with some difficulty separated the ideas which he had so firmly associated, of a judge and a great wig; and when he had, or thought he had, an abstract notion of a judge, he obeyed his mother's repeated injunctions of "Go on—go on." He went on, after observing what came next was not marked by Madame de Rosier for him to read.

Cyrus's mother says to him, "*Child, the same things are not accounted just with your grandfather here, and yonder in Persia.*"

At this sentence Herbert made a dead stop; and, after pondering for some time, said, "I don't understand what

Cyrus's mother meant—what does she mean by *accounted just*? *Accounted*, Matilda, I thought meant only about casting up sums?"

"It has another meaning, my dear," Matilda mildly began.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, spare me!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt; "do not let me hear all the meanings of all the words in the English language. Herbert may look for the words that he does not understand in the dictionary when he has done reading. Go on, now, pray; for," added she, looking at her watch, "you have been half an hour reading half a page; this would tire the patience of Job."

Herbert, perceiving that his mother was displeased, began in the same instant to be frightened; he hurried on as fast as he could, without understanding one word more of what he was reading; his precipitation was worse than his slowness: he stumbled over the words, missed syllables, missed lines, made the most incomprehensible nonsense of the whole; till, at length, Mrs. Harcourt shut the book in despair, and soon afterward despatched Herbert, who was also in despair, to bed. At this catastrophe, Favoretta looked very grave, and a general gloom seemed to overspread the company.

Mrs. Harcourt was mortified at the silence that prevailed, and made several ineffectual attempts to revive the freedom and gaiety of conversation. "Ah!" said she to herself, "I knew it would be so; they cannot be happy without Madame de Rosier."

Isabella had taken up a book. "Cannot you read for our entertainment, Isabella, my dear, as well as for your own?" said her mother: "I assure you, I am as much interested always in what you read to me, as Madame de Rosier herself can be."

"I was just looking, mamma, for some lines that we read the other day, which Madame de Rosier said she was sure you would like. Can you find them, Matilda? You know Madame de Rosier said that mamma would like them, because she had been at the opera."

"I have been at a great many operas," said Mrs. Harcourt, drily; "but I like other things as well as operas—and I cannot precisely guess what you mean by *the* opera—has it no name?"

"Medea and Jason, ma'am."

"The *ballet* of Medea and Jason. It's a very fine thing, certainly; but one has seen it so often. You were never at an opera," said Mrs. Harcourt; "should you, either of you, or both, like to go with me to-night to the opera?"

"To-night, ma'am!" cried Isabella, in a voice of joy.

"To-night, mamma!" cried Matilda, timidly; "but you were not well this morning."

"But I am very well now, my love; at least, quite well enough to go out with you—let me give you some pleasure. Ring for Grace, my dear Matilda," added Mrs. Harcourt, looking at her watch, "and do not let us be sentimental, for we have not a moment to lose—we must prevail upon Grace to be as quick as lightning in her operations."

Grace was well disposed to be quick—she was delighted with what she called *the change of measures*;—she repeated continually, in the midst of their hurried toilette,—

"Well, I am so glad, young ladies, you're going out with your *mamma* at last,—I never saw my mistress look so well as she does to-night."

Triumphant, and feeling herself to be a person of consequence, Grace was indefatigably busy, and Mrs. Harcourt thought that her talkative zeal was the overflowing of an honest heart.

After Mrs. Harcourt, with Isabella and Matilda, were gone to the opera, Favoretta, who had been sent to bed by her mother because she was in the way when they were dressing, called to Grace to beg that she would close the shutters in her room, for the moon shone upon her bed and she could not go to sleep.

"I wish mamma would have let me sit up a little longer," said Favoretta, "for I am not at all sleepy."

"You always go to bed a great deal earlier, you know, Miss," said Grace, "when your governess is at home; I would let you get up, and come down to tea with me, for I'm just going to take my late dish of tea, to rest myself, only I dare not let you, because——"

"Because what?"

"Because, Miss, you remember how you served me about the queen-cake."

"But I do not want you to give me any queen-cake; I only want to get up for a little while," said Favoretta.

"Then get up," said Grace; "but don't make a noise, to waken Master Herbert."

"Do you think," said Favoretta, "that Herbert would think it wrong?"

"Indeed, I don't think at all about what he thinks," said Mrs. Grace, tossing back her head, as she adjusted her dress at the glass; "and if you think so much about it, you'd better lie down again."

"Oh! I can't lie down again," said Favoretta; "I have got my shoes on—stay for me, Grace—I'm just ready."

Mrs. Rebecca, Mrs. Fanshaw's maid, was summoned; she lived in the next street. She was quite overjoyed, she said, at entering the room, to see Miss Favoretta—it was an age since she had a sight or a glimpse of her.

Favoretta was making a great noise, so that they did not hear the knock at the door.

One of the housemaids apprised Mrs. Grace of Madame de Rosier's arrival. "She's getting out of her chair, Mrs. Grace, in the hall."

Grace started up, put Favoretta in a little closet, and charged her not to make the least noise for her life. Then, with a candle in her hand, and a treacherous smile upon her countenance, she sallied forth to the head of the stairs, to light Madame de Rosier. "Dear ma'am! my mistress will be so sorry the coach didn't go for you in time; she found herself better after you went—and the two young ladies are gone with her to the opera."

"And where are Herbert and Favoretta?"

"In bed, ma'am, and asleep, hours ago. Shall I light you, ma'am, this way, to your room?"

"No," said Madame de Rosier; "I have a letter to write: and I'll wait in Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room till she comes home."

"Very well, ma'am. Mrs. Rebecca, it's only Madame de Rosier. Madame de Rosier, it's only Rebecca, Mrs. Fanshaw's maid, ma'am, who's here very often when my mistress is at home, and just stepped out to look at the young ladies' drawings, which my mistress gave me leave to show her the first time she drank tea with me, ma'am."

Madame de Rosier, who thought all this did not concern her in the least, listened to it with cold indifference, and sat down to write her letter.

Grace fidgeted about the room as long as she could find any pretence for moving anything into or out of its place; and at length, in no small degree of anxiety for the prisoner she had left in the closet, quitted the dressing-room.

As Madame de Rosier was writing, she once or twice thought that she heard some noise in the closet; she listened, but all was silent; and she continued to write, till Mrs. Harcourt, Isabella, and Matilda came home.

Isabella was in high spirits, and began to talk with considerable volubility to Madame de Rosier about the opera.

Mrs. Harcourt was full of apologies about the coach; and Matilda rather anxious to discover what it was that had made a change in her mother's manner towards Madame de Rosier.

Grace, glad to see that they were all intent upon their own affairs, lighted their candles expeditiously, and stood waiting, in hopes that they would immediately leave the room, and that she should be able to release her prisoner.

Favoretta usually slept in a little closet within Mrs. Grace's room, so that she foresaw no difficulty in getting her to bed.

"I heard!—did not you hear a noise, Isabella?" said Matilda.

"A noise! No; where?" said Isabella, and went on talking alternately to her mother and Madame de Rosier, whom she held fast, though they seemed somewhat inclined to retire to rest.



"Indeed," said Matilda, "I did hear a noise in that closet."

"Oh dear, Miss Matilda," cried Grace, getting between Matilda and the closet, "it's nothing in life but a mouse."

"A mouse, where?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"Nowhere, ma'am," said Grace; "only Miss Matilda was hearing noises, and I said they must be mice."

"There, mamma! there! that was not a mouse, surely!" said Matilda. "It was a noise louder, certainly, than any mouse could make."

"Grace is frightened," said Isabella, laughing.

Grace, indeed, looked pale and terribly frightened.

Madame de Rosier took a candle, and walked directly to the closet.

"Ring for the men," said Mrs. Harcourt.

Matilda held back Madame de Rosier; and Isabella, whose head was now just recovered from the opera, rang the bell with considerable energy.

"Dear Miss Isabella, don't ring so;—dear ma'am, don't be frightened, and I'll tell you the whole truth, ma'am," said Grace to her mistress; "it's nothing in the world to frighten anybody—it's only Miss Favoretta, ma'am."

"Favoretta!" exclaimed everybody at once, except Madame de Rosier, who instantly opened the closet door, but no Favoretta appeared.

"Favoretta is not here," said Madame de Rosier.

"Then I'm undone!" exclaimed Grace; "she must have got out upon the leads." The leads were, at this place, narrow, and very dangerous.

"Don't scream, or the child is lost," said Madame de Rosier.

Mrs. Harcourt sank down into an arm-chair. Madame de Rosier stopped Isabella, who pressed into the closet.

"Don't speak, Isabella—Grace, go into the closet—call Favoretta—hear me, quietly," said Madame de Rosier, steadily, for Mrs. Grace was in such confusion of mind that she was going to call upon the child without waiting to hear what was said to her. "Hear me," said Madame de Rosier, "or you are undone—go into the closet without making any bustle—call Favoretta, gently; she will not be frightened when she hears only your voice."

Grace did as she was ordered, and returned from the

closet in a few instants with Favoretta. Grace instantly began an exculpatory speech, but Mrs. Harcourt, though still trembling, had sufficient firmness to say, "Leave us, Grace, and let me hear the truth from the child."

Grace left the room. Favoretta related exactly what had happened, and said that when she heard all their voices in the dressing-room, and when she heard Matilda say there's a noise, she was afraid of being discovered in the closet, and had crept out through a little door, with which she was well acquainted, that opened upon the leads.

Mrs. Harcourt now broke forth into indignant exclamations against Grace. Madame de Rosier gently pacified her, and hinted that it would be but just to give her a fair hearing in the morning.

"You are always yourself! always excellent!" cried Mrs. Harcourt; "you have saved my child—we none of us had any presence of mind but yourself."

"Indeed, mamma, I did ring the bell," said Isabella.

With much difficulty those who had so much to say submitted to Madame de Rosier's entreaty of "Let us talk of it in the morning."

The morning came, and Mrs. Grace listened, with anxious ear, for the first sound of her mistress's bell—but no bell rang; and when she heard Mrs. Harcourt walking in her bedchamber, Grace augured ill of her own fate, and forboded the decline and fall of her empire.

"If my mistress can get up and dress herself without me, it's all over with me," said Grace; "but I'll make one trial." Then she knocked with her most obliging knock at her mistress's door. "Can I do anything for you, ma'am?"

"Nothing, I thank you, Grace. Send Isabella and Matilda."

Isabella and Matilda came, but Mrs. Harcourt finished dressing herself in silence, and then said,—

"Come with me, my dear girls, to Madame de Rosier's room. I believe I had better ask her the question that I was going to ask you. Is she up?"

"Yes, but not dressed," said Matilda; "for we have been reading to her."

At Madame de Rosier's door they found Herbert, with his slate in his hand, and his sum ready cast up.

"May I bring this little man in with me?" said Mrs. Harcourt to Madame de Rosier. "Herbert, shake hands with me," continued his mother: "I believe I was a little impatient with you and your Cyrus last night; but you must not expect that everybody should be as good to you as this lady has been;" leading him up to Madame de Rosier.

"Set this gentleman's heart at ease, will you?" continued she, presenting the slate, upon which his sum was written, to Madame de Rosier.

Favoretta was sitting in the furthest corner of the room, and she turned her face to the wall when Herbert looked at her; but Herbert saw that she was in disgrace.

"Your sum is quite right, Herbert," said Madame de Rosier.

"Herbert, take your slate," said Matilda; and the young gentleman had at length the politeness to relieve her outstretched arm.

"Send him out of the way," whispered Mrs. Harcourt.

"Go out of the room, Herbert, my dear," said Madame de Rosier; "for we want to talk about something which we do not wish that you should hear."

Herbert, though he was anxious to know what could be the matter with Favoretta, instantly withdrew, saying, "Will you call me again when you've done talking?"

"We can speak French," added Madame de Rosier, looking at Favoretta, "since we cannot trust that little girl in a room by herself; we must speak in a language which she does not understand, when we have anything to say that we do not choose she should hear."

"After all this preparation," said Mrs. Harcourt, in French, "my little mouse will make you laugh; it will not surprise or frighten you, Matilda, quite so much as

the mouse of last night. You must know that I have been much disturbed by certain noises."

"More noises!" said Matilda, drawing closer, to listen.

"More noises!" said Mrs. Harcourt, laughing. Was not there music and dancing here early yesterday morning, when I had the headache, Isabella!"

"Yes, mamma," said Isabella: "Herbert's dulcimer-boy was here! We call him Herbert's dulcimer-boy, because Herbert gave him two buns the other day; the boy and his father came from gratitude, to play a tune for Herbert, and we all ran and asked Madame de Rosier to let him in."

"We did not know you had the headache, mamma," said Matilda, "till after they had played several tunes, and we heard Grace saying something to Herbert about racketing upon the stairs; he only ran up-stairs once for my music-book."

"Grace strangely misrepresented all this," said Mrs. Harcourt: "as she gave her advice so late, I am sorry she gave it at all; she prevented you and Isabella from the pleasure of going out with Madame de Rosier."

"We prevented ourselves. Grace did not prevent us, I assure you, mamma," said Isabella, eagerly; "we wished to stay at home with you. Herbert and Favoretta were only going to see the royal tiger."

"Then you did not stay at home by Madame de Rosier's desire."

"No, indeed, madam," said Madame de Rosier, who had not appeared in any haste to justify herself; "your children always show you affection by their own desire, never by mine."

"My dear madam, say no more," said Mrs. Harcourt, holding out her hand: "you are a real friend."

Madame de Rosier now went to call Herbert, but on opening the door, Mrs. Grace fell forward upon her face into the room; she had been kneeling with her head close to the key-hole of the door; and, probably, the sound of her own name, and a few sentences now and then spoken

in English, had so fixed her attention, that she did not prepare in time for her retreat.

"Get up, Grace, and walk in, if you please," said Mrs. Harcourt, with much calmness; "we have not the least objection to your hearing our conversation."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Grace, as soon as she had recovered her feet, "I'm above listening to anybody's conversation, except that when one hears one's own name, and knows that one has enemies, it is but natural to listen in one's own defence."

"And is that all you can do, Grace, in your own defence?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"It's not all I can say, ma'am," replied Grace, pushed to extremities; and still with a secret hope that her mistress, upon a pinch, would not part with a favourite maid: "I see I'm of no further use in the family, neither to young or old—and new comers have put me quite out of favour, and have your ear to themselves—so, if you please, ma'am, I had better look out for another situation."

"If you please, Grace," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"I will leave the house this instant, if you think proper, ma'am."

"If you think proper, Grace," said her mistress, with immoveable philosophy.

Grace burst into tears: "I never thought it would come to this, Mrs. Harcourt—I, that have lived so long such a favourite!"

"The character we may give you, Grace, is of rather more consequence."

"Everything that I say and do," interrupted the sobbing Grace, "is vilified and misinterpreted by those who wish me ill. I——"

"You have desired to leave me, Grace; and my desire is that you should leave me," said Mrs. Harcourt, with firmness. "Madame de Rosier and I strictly forbade you to interfere with any of the children in our absence; you have thought proper to disregard these orders; and were

you to stay longer in my house, I perceive that you would teach my children first to disobey, and afterward to deceive me."

Grace, little prepared for this calm decision, now in a frightened, humble tone, began to make promises of reformation; but her promises and apologies were vain; she was compelled to depart, and everybody was glad to have done with her.

Things went on much better after the gnome-like influence of Mrs. Grace had ceased; but we must now hasten to introduce our readers to Mrs. Fanshaw. Mrs. Fanshaw was a card-playing lady, who had been educated at a time when it was not thought necessary for women to have any knowledge, or any taste for literature. As she advanced in life, she continually recurred to the maxims as well as to the fashions of her youth; and the improvements in modern female education she treated as dangerous innovations. She had placed her daughter at a boarding school in London, the expense of which was its chief recommendation; and she saw her regularly at the Christmas and Midsummer holidays. At length, when Miss Fanshaw was about sixteen, her prudent mother began to think that it was time to take her from school, and to introduce her into the world. Miss Fanshaw had learned to speak French passably, to read a little Italian, to draw a little, to play tolerably well upon the piano-forte, and to dance as well as many other young ladies. She had been sedulously taught a sovereign contempt of whatever was called vulgar at the school where she was educated; but, as she was profoundly ignorant of everything but the routine of that school, she had no precise idea of propriety.

Mrs. Harcourt, with Isabella and Matilda, paid Mrs. Fanshaw a visit, as soon as they heard that her daughter was come home.

Miss Fanshaw, an erect stiffened figure, made her entrée; and it was impossible not to perceive that her

whole soul was intent upon her manner of holding her head and placing her elbows, as she came into the room. Her person had undergone all the ordinary and extraordinary tortures of back-boards, collars, stocks, &c.

Whilst the silent Miss Fanshaw sat so as to do her dancing-master strict justice, Mrs. Fanshaw was stating to Mrs. Harcourt the enormous expense to which she had gone in her daughter's education. Though firm to her original doctrine, that women had no occasion for learning—in which word of reproach she included all literature,—she nevertheless had been convinced, by the unanimous voice of fashion, that accomplishments were most desirable for young ladies.

Isabella was struck with sudden admiration at the sight of a head of Jupiter which Miss Fanshaw had just finished, and Mrs. Harcourt borrowed it for her to copy; though Mrs. Fanshaw was secretly but decidedly of opinion, that no one who had not learned from the drawing-master at Suxberry House could copy this head of Jupiter with any chance of success.

The remainder of the visit was spent in recounting her losses at the card-table, and in exhortation to Mrs. Harcourt to send Miss Isabella and Matilda to finish their education at Suxberry House.

Mrs. Harcourt was somewhat alarmed by the idea that her daughters would not be equal to Miss Fanshaw in accomplishments; but, fortunately for Madame de Rosier and herself, she was soon induced to change her opinion by farther opportunities of comparison.

In a few days her visit was returned. Mrs. Harcourt happened to mention the globe that Isabella was painting: Miss Fanshaw begged to see it, and she went into Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room, where it hung. The moment she found herself with Isabella and Matilda, out of company, the silent figure became talkative. The charm seemed to be broken, or rather reversed, and she began to chatter with pert incessant rapidity.

"Dear me," said she, casting a scornful glance at Matilda's globe, "this is vastly pretty, but we've no such thing at Suxberry House. I wonder Mrs. Harcourt didn't send both of you to Suxberry House—everybody sends their daughters, who can afford it, now, to Suxberry House; but, to be sure, it's very expensive—we had all silver forks, and everything in the highest style, and Mrs. Suxberry keeps a coach. I assure you she's not at all like a schoolmistress, and she thinks it very rude and vulgar of anybody to call her a schoolmistress. Won't you ask your mamma to send you, if it's only for the name of it, for one year, to Suxberry House?"

"No," said Matilda; "we are so happy under the care of Madame de Rosier."

"Ah, dear me! I forgot—mamma told me you'd got a new French governess lately—our French teacher, at Suxberry House, was so strict, and so cross, if one made a mistake in the tenses: it is very well for you your governess is not cross—does she give you very hard exercises?—let me look at your exercise book, and I'll tell you whether it's the right one—I mean that we used to have at Suxberry House."

Miss Fanshaw snatched up a book, in which she saw a paper, which she took for a French exercise.

"Come, show it me, and I'll correct the faults for you, before your governess sees it, and she'll be surprised!"

"Madame de Rosier has seen it," said Matilda;—but Miss Fanshaw, in a romping manner, pulled the paper out of her hands. It was the translation of a part of "*Les Conversations d'Emilie*," which we formerly mentioned.

"La!" said Miss Fanshaw, "we had no such book as this at Suxberry House."

Matilda's translation she was surprised to find correct.

"And do you write themes?" said she. "We always wrote themes once every week, at Suxberry House, which I used to hate of all things, for I never could find any-

thing to say—it made me hate writing, I know; but that's all over now; thank goodness, I've done with themes, and French letters, and exercises, and translations, and all those plaguing things; and now I've left school for ever.

Isabella and Matilda, to whom it did not appear the most delightful of all things to be idle, nor the most desirable thing in the world to have their education finished, and then to lay aside all thoughts of farther improvement, could not assent to Miss Fanshaw's concluding assertion. They declared that they did not feel any want of holidays; at which Miss Fanshaw stared: they said that they had no tasks, and that they liked to be employed rather better than to be idle; at which Miss Fanshaw laughed, and sarcastically said, "You need not talk to me as if your governess were by, for I'm not a tell-tale—I shan't repeat what you say."

Isabella and Matilda, who had not two methods of talk, looked rather displeased at this ill-bred speech.

"Nay," said Miss Fanshaw, "I hope you aren't affronted now at what I said; when we are by ourselves, you know, one says just what comes into one's head. Whose handsome coach is this, pray, with a coronet?" continued she, looking out of the window: "I declare it is stopping at your door; do let us go down."

Isabella, who had just been reading "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," recollected at this instant Dr. Gregory's opinion, "that when a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty."

Lady N—— was in the coach which had excited Miss Fanshaw's admiration; and this young lady had a glorious opportunity of showing the graces that she had been taught at so much expense, for the room was full of company. Several morning visitors had called upon Mrs. Harcourt, and they formed a pretty large circle, which Miss Fanshaw viewed upon her entrance with a sort of studied assurance.

Mrs. Fanshaw watched Lady N——'s eye as her daugh-

ter came into the room; but Lady N—— did not appear to be much struck with the second-hand graces of Suxberry House; her eye passed over Miss Fanshaw, in search of something less affected and more interesting.

Miss Fanshaw had now resumed her company face and attitude; she sat in prudent silence, whilst Lady N—— addressed her conversation to Isabella and Matilda, whose thoughts did not seem to be totally engrossed by their own persons.

Dr. X—— had prepared this lady to think favourably of Madame de Rosier's pupils, by the account which he had given her of Isabella's remarks upon Zeluco.

Miss Fanshaw, instead of attending with a desire to improve herself from sensible conversation, sat with a look as absent as that of an unskilful actress, whilst the other performers are engaged in their parts.

There was a small book-case, in a recess, at the farthest end of the room, and upon a little table there were some books, which Isabella and Matilda had been reading with Madame de Rosier. Mrs. Fanshaw looked towards the table with a sarcastic smile, and said,—

"You are great readers, young ladies, I see: may we know what are your studies?"

Miss Fanshaw, to show how well she could walk, crossed the room, and took up one of the books.

"'Alison upon Taste'—that's a pretty book, I dare say—but la! what's this, Miss Isabella? 'A Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments'—dear me! that must be a curious performance by a smith! a common smith!"

Isabella, good-naturedly, stopped her from farther absurd exclamations by turning to the title-page of the book and showing her the words "Adam Smith."

"Ah! 'A' stands for Adam!" very true—I thought it was a smith," said Miss Fanshaw.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, who had quickness enough to perceive that her daughter had made some mistake, by the countenances of the company, but who had not

sufficient erudition to know what the mistake could be—"well, my dear, and suppose it was *a* smith, there's nothing extraordinary in that—nothing extraordinary in a smith's writing a book now-a-days,—why not a common black-smith, as well as a common ploughman?—I was asked, I know, not long ago, to subscribe to the poems of a common ploughman."

"The Ayrshire ploughman?" said Lady N——.

"Yes," they called him so, as I recollect, and I really had a mind to put my name down, for I think I saw your ladyship's amongst the subscribers."

"Yes, they are beautiful poems," said Lady N——.

"So I understand—there are some vastly pretty things in his collection—but one hears of so many good things coming out every day," said Mrs. Fanshaw, in a plaintive voice. "In these days, I think, everybody writes——"

"And reads," said Lady N——.

"And reads," said Mrs. Fanshaw. "Jane," said she, turning to her daughter, "I hope you won't take it into your head to turn out a reading lady!"

"Oh dear, no!" said Miss Fanshaw: "we had not much time for reading at Suxberry House, we were so busy with our masters;—we had a charming English master though, to teach us elocution, because it's so fashionable now to read loud well."

Mrs. Harcourt replied to her observation, that Madame de Rosier not only read and spoke English remarkably well, but that she had also a general knowledge of English literature.

"Pray, Miss Matilda, is that a drawing?" said Mrs. Fanshaw, in hopes of leading to a more favourable subject.

"Oh, dear me! do pray favour us with a sight of it!" cried Miss Fanshaw, and she eagerly unrolled the paper, though Matilda assured her that it was not a drawing.

It was Hogarth's print of a country dance, which was prefixed to his "*Analysis of Beauty*."

"It is the oddest thing!" exclaimed Miss Fanshaw, who thought everything odd or strange which she had not seen at Suxberry House. Without staying to observe the innumerable strokes of humour and of original genius in the print, she ran on—"La! it's hardly worth any one's while,



surely, to draw such a set of vulgar figures—one hates low humour." Then, in a hurry to show her taste for dress, she observed that "people, formerly, must have had no taste at all;—one can hardly believe such things were ever worn."

Mrs. Fanshaw, touched by this reflection upon the taste of former times, though she seldom presumed to oppose any of her daughter's opinions, could not here refrain from saying a few words in defence of sacks, long waists, and whalebone stays, and she pointed to a row of stays in the margin of one of these prints of Hogarth.

Miss Fanshaw, who did not consider that, with those who have a taste for propriety in manners, she could not gain anything by a triumph over her mother, laughed in a disdainful manner at her mother's "partiality for stays," and wondered how anybody could think long waists becoming.

"Surely, anybody who knows anything of drawing, or has any taste for an antique figure, must acknowledge the present fashion to be most graceful." She appealed to Isabella and Matilda.

They were so much struck with the impropriety of her manner towards her mother, that they did not immediately answer; Matilda at length said, "It is natural to like what we have been early used to;" and, from unaffected gentleness, eager to prevent Miss Fanshaw from further exposing her ignorance, she rolled up the print; and Lady N——, smiling at Mrs. Harcourt, said, "I never saw a print more gracefully rolled up in my life." Miss Fanshaw immediately rolled up another of the prints, but no applause ensued.

At the next pause in the conversation, Mrs. Fanshaw and her daughter took their leave, seemingly dissatisfied with their visit.

Matilda, just after Mrs. Fanshaw left the room, recollected her pretty netting-box, and asked Lady N—— whether she knew anything of the little boy by whom it was made.

Her ladyship gave such an interesting account of him, that Matilda determined to have her share in relieving his distress.

Matilda's benevolence was formerly rather passive than

active; but from Madame de Rosier she had learned that sensibility should not be suffered to evaporate in sighs, or in sentimental speeches. She had also learnt that economy is necessary to generosity; and she consequently sometimes denied herself the gratification of her own tastes, that she might be able to assist those who were in distress.

She had lately seen a beautiful print* of the king of France taking leave of his family; and, as Madame de Rosier was struck with it, she wished to have bought it for her; but she now considered that a guinea, which was the price of the print, might be better bestowed on this poor, little, ingenious, industrious boy; so she begged her mother to send to the repository for one of his boxes. The servants were all busy, and Matilda did not receive her box till the next morning.

Herbert was reading to Madame de Rosier when the servant brought the box into the room. Favoretta got up to look at it, and immediately Herbert's eye glanced from his book: in spite of all his endeavours to command his attention, he heard the exclamations of "Beautiful!—How smooth!—like tortoise-shell!—What can it be made of?"

"My dear Herbert, shut the book," said Madame de Rosier, "if your head be in that box. Never read one moment after you have ceased to attend."

"It is my fault," said Matilda; "I will put the box out of the way till he has finished reading."

When Herbert had recalled his wandering thoughts, and had fixed his mind upon what he was about, Madame de Rosier put her hand upon the book—he started—"Now let us see the beautiful box," said she.

After it had passed through Favoretta and Herbert's impatient hands, Matilda, who had scarcely looked at it herself, took it to the window, to give it a sober examination. "It is not made of paper, or pasteboard, and it is

* By Egginton.

not the colour of tortoise-shell," said Matilda: "I never saw anything like it before; I wonder what it can be made of?"

Herbert, at this question, unperceived by Matilda, who was examining the box very earnestly, seized the lid, which was lying upon the table, and ran out of the room; he returned in a few minutes, and presented the lid to Matilda. "I can tell you one thing, Matilda," said he, with an important face—"it is an animal—an animal substance, I mean."

"Oh, Herbert," cried Matilda, "what have you been doing?—you have blackened the corner of the box."

"Only the least bit in the world," said Herbert, "to try an experiment. I only put one corner to the candle that Isabella had lighted to seal her letter."

"It was the heat of the candle that warped it," said she: "let us dip it into boiling water, which cannot be made too hot, and that will, perhaps, bring it back to its shape."

The lid of the box was dipped into boiling-water, and restored to its shape. Matilda, as she was wiping it dry, observed that some yellow paint, or varnish, came off, and in one spot, on the inside of the lid, she discovered something like writing.

"Who will lend me a magnifying glass?"

Favoretta produced hers.

"I have kept it," said she, "a great, great while, ever since we were at the Rational Toy-shop."

"Madame de Rosier, do look at this!" exclaimed Matilda—"here are letters quite plain!—I have found the name, I do believe, of the boy who made the box!" and she spelled, letter by letter, as she looked through the magnifying glass, the words *Henri-Montmorenci*.

Madame de Rosier started up; and Matilda, surprised at her sudden emotion, put the box and magnifying glass into her hand. Madame de Rosier's hand trembled so much that she could not fix the glass.

“Je ne vois rien—lisez—vite!—ma chère amie—un mot de plus!” said she, putting the glass again into Matilda’s hand, and leaning over her shoulder with a look of agonizing expectation.

The word “de” was all Matilda could make out—Isabella tried—it was in vain—no other letters were visible.

“De what?—de Rosier!—it must be! my son is alive!” said the mother.

Henri-Montmorenci was the name of Madame de Rosier’s son; but when she reflected for an instant that this might also be the name of some other person her transport of joy was checked, and seemed to be converted into despair.

Her first emotions over, the habitual firmness of her mind returned. She sent directly to the repository—no news of the boy could there be obtained. Lady N—— was gone, for a few days, to Windsor; so no intelligence could be had from her. Mrs. Harcourt was out—no carriage at home—but Madame de Rosier set out immediately, and walked to Golden-square, near which place she knew that a number of French emigrants resided. She stopped first at a bookseller’s shop; she described the person of her son, and inquired if any such person had been seen in that neighbourhood.

The bookseller was making out a bill for one of his customers, but struck with Madame de Rosier’s anxiety, and perceiving that she was a foreigner by her accent, he put down his pen and begged her to repeat, once more, the description of her son. He tried to recollect whether he had seen such a person—but he had not. He, however, with true English good-nature, told her that she had an excellent chance of finding him in this part of the town, if he were in London—he was sorry that his shopman was from home, or he would have sent him with her through the streets near the square, where he knew the emigrants chiefly lodged;—he gave her in writing a list of the names

of the streets, and stood at his door to watch and speed her on her way.

She called at the neighbouring shops—she walked down several narrow streets, inquiring at every house, where she thought that there was any chance of success, in vain. At one a slip-shod maid-servant came to the door, who stared at seeing a well-dressed lady, and who was so bewildered, that she could not, for some time, answer any questions; at another house the master was out; at another, the master was at dinner. As it got towards four o'clock, Madame de Rosier found it more difficult to obtain civil answers to her inquiries, for almost all the tradesmen were at dinner, and when they came to the door, looked out of humour, at being interrupted, and disappointed at not meeting with a customer. She walked on, her mind still indefatigable:—she heard a clock in the neighbourhood strike five—her strength was not equal to the energy of her mind—and the repeated answers of, “We know of no such person”—“No such boy lives here, ma’am,” made her at length despair of success.

One street upon her list remained unsearched—it was narrow, dark, and dirty;—she stopped for a moment at the corner, but a porter, heavily laden, with a sudden “By your leave, ma’am!” pushed forwards, and she was forced into the doorway of a small ironmonger’s shop. The master of the shop, who was weighing some iron goods, let the scale go up, and, after a look of surprise, said—

“You’ve lost your way, madam, I presume—be pleased to rest yourself—it is but a dark place;” and wiping a stool, on which some locks had been lying, he left Madame de Rosier, who was, indeed, exhausted with fatigue, to rest herself, whilst, without any officious civility, after calling his wife from a back shop, to give the lady a glass of water, he went on weighing his iron and whistling.

The woman, as soon as Madame de Rosier had drunk the water, inquired if she should send for a coach for her, or could do anything to serve her.

Whilst they were speaking, a little boy came into the shop with a bit of small iron wire in his hand, and, twitching the skirt of the ironmonger's coat to attract his attention, asked if he had any such wire as that in his shop. When the ironmonger went to get down a roll of wire, the little boy had a full view of Madame de Rosier. Though she was naturally disposed to take notice of children, yet now she was so intent upon her own thoughts that she did not observe him till he had bowed several times just opposite to her.

"Are you bowing to me, my good boy?" said she—"you mistake me for somebody else; I don't know you;" and she looked down again upon the paper, on which she had written the name of her son.

"But, indeed, ma'am, I know you," said the little boy: "aren't you the lady that was with the good-natured young gentleman, who met me going out of the pastry-cook's shop, and gave me the two buns?"

Madame de Rosier now looked in his face; the shop was so dark that she could not distinguish his features, but she recollected his voice, and knew him to be the little boy belonging to the dulcimer man.

"Father would have come again to your house," said the boy, who did not perceive her inattention—"Father would have come to your house again, to play the tune the young gentleman fancied so much, but our dulcimer is broken."

"Is it? I am sorry for it," said Madame de Rosier. "But can you tell me," continued she to the ironmonger, "whether any emigrants lodge in the street to the left of your house?" The master of the shop tried to recollect: she again repeated the name and description of her son.

"I know a young French lad of that make," said the little dulcimer boy.

"Tell me," said she, "where he lodges; I must see him immediately."

"I am just come from him, and I'm going back to him with the wire; I'll show the way with pleasure."

"This way, ma'am—this way—he lives in the corner house, turning into Golden-square." It was a stationer's.

"I have called at this house already," said Madame de Rosier; but she recollected that it was when the family were at dinner, and that a stupid maid had not understood her questions. Madame de Rosier sprang forward to the door, looked through the glass, and was alarmed to see a young man taller than her son; he was at work; his back was towards her.

When he heard the noise of some one trying to open the door, he turned and saw his mother's face! The tools dropped from his hands, and the dulcimer boy was the only person present who had strength enough to open the door.

How sudden! how powerful is the effect of joy! The mother, restored to her son, in a moment felt herself invigorated—and, forgetful of her fatigue, she felt herself another being. When she was left alone with her son, she looked round his little workshop with a mixture of pain and pleasure. She saw one of his unfinished boxes on the window-seat, which served him for a work-bench; his tools were upon the floor. "These have been my support," said her son, taking them up: how much am I obliged to my dear father for teaching me early how to use them!"

"Your father!" said Madame de Rosier—"I wish he could have lived to be rewarded as I am! But tell me your history, from the moment you were taken from me to prison: it is nearly two years ago,—how did you escape? how have you supported yourself since? Sit down, and speak again, that I may be sure that I hear your voice."

"You shall hear my voice, then, my dear mother," said her son, "for at least half an hour, if that will not tire you. I have a long story to tell you. In the first place, you know that I was taken to prison; three months I spent in the Conciergerie, expecting every day to be ordered out to the guillotine. The gaoler's son, a boy about my own age, who was sometimes employed to bring me food, seemed to

look upon me with compassion. One evening he came to me in a new uniform, and in high spirits; he was just made a captain, by the unanimous voice of his corps; and he talked of his men, and his orders, with prodigious fluency; he then played his march upon his drum, and insisted upon teaching it to me; he was much pleased with my performance, and, suddenly embracing me, he exclaimed, 'I have thought of an excellent thing for you; stay till I have arranged the plan in my head, and you shall see if I am not a great general.' The next evening he did not come to me till it was nearly dusk; 'I have arranged everything,' said he; 'put on this old uniform of mine—we are just of a size—by this light, nobody will perceive any difference: take my drum and march out of the prison slowly; beat my march on the drum as you go out; turn to the left, down to the Place de —, where I exercise my men. You'll meet with one of my soldiers there, ready to forward your escape.' I hesitated; for I feared that I should endanger my young general; but he assured me that he had taken his precautions so 'admirably,' that even after my escape should be discovered, no suspicion would fall upon him. 'But, if you delay,' cried he, 'we are both of us undone.' I hesitated not a moment longer, and never did I change my clothes so expeditiously in my life: I obeyed my little captain exactly, marched out of the prison slowly, playing deliberately the march which I had been taught: turned to the left, according to orders, and saw my punctual guide waiting for me on the Place de —, just by the broken statue of Henry the Fourth.

"'Follow me, fellow-citizen,' said he, in a low voice; 'we are not all Robespierres.'

"Most joyfully I followed him. We walked on, in silence, till at length we came to a narrow street, where the crowd was so great that I thought we should both of us have been squeezed to death. I saw the guillotine at a distance, and I felt sick.

"'Come on,' said my guide, who kept fast hold of me;

and he turned sharp into a yard, where I heard the noise of carts, and the voices of muleteers. 'This man,' said he, leading me up to a muleteer, who seemed to be just ready to depart, 'is my father; trust yourself to him.'

"I had nobody else to trust myself to. I got into the muleteer's covered cart; he began a loud song; we proceeded through the square where the crowd were assembled. The enthusiasm of the moment occupied them so entirely, that we were fortunately disregarded. We got out of Paris safely: I will not tire you with all my terrors and escapes. I, at length, got on board a neutral vessel, and landed at Bristol. Escaped from prison, and the fear of the guillotine, I thought myself happy; but my happiness was not very lasting. I began to apprehend that I should be starved to death; I had not eaten for many hours. I wandered through the bustling streets of Bristol, where everybody I met seemed to be full of their own business, and brushed by me without seeing me. I was weak, and I sat down upon a stone by the door of a public-house.

"A woman was twirling a mop at the door. I wiped away the drops with which I was sprinkled by this operation. I was too weak to be angry; but a hairdresser, who was passing by, and who had a nicely powdered wig poised upon his hand, was furiously enraged, because a few drops of the shower which had sprinkled me reached the wig. He expressed his anger half in French and half in English; but at last I observed to him in French, that the wig was still 'bien poudrée;' this calmed his rage, and he remarked that I also had been horribly drenched by the shower. I assured him that this was a trifle in comparison with my other sufferings.

"He begged to hear my misfortunes, because I spoke French; and as I followed him to the place where he was going with the wig, I told him that I had not eaten for many hours; that I was a stranger in Bristol, and had no means of earning any food. He advised me to go to a tavern, which he pointed out to me—'The Rummer.'

"I resolved to apply to the landlord. When I first went into his kitchen, I saw his cook, a man with a very important face, serving out a large turtle. I was at this time so weak, that my ideas began to be confused—my head grew dizzy—I felt the heat of the kitchen fire extremely disagreeable to me. I do not know what happened afterward; but when I came to myself, I found that I was leaning against some one who supported me near an open window: it was the master of the house. I do not know why I was ashamed to ask him for food; his humanity, however, prevented me. He first gave me a small basin of broth, and afterwards a little bit of bread, assuring me, with infinite good nature, that he gave me food in such small quantities, because he was afraid that it would hurt me to satisfy my hunger at once.

"In the window of the little parlour, where I ate my broth, I saw a novel, which had been left there by the landlord's daughter, and in the beginning of this book was pasted a direction to the circulating library in Bristol. I was in hopes that I might earn my bread as a *scribe*. The landlord of the 'Rummer' told me that he was acquainted with the master of the library, and that I might easily procure employment from him on reasonable terms.

"Mr. S——, for that was the name of the master of the library, received me with an air of encouraging benevolence, and finding that I could read and write English tolerably well, he gave me a manuscript to copy, which he was preparing for the press. I worked hard, and made, as I fancied, a beautiful copy; but the printers complained of my upright French hand, which they could not easily decipher: I began to new-model my writing, to please the taste of my employers; and as I had sufficient motives to make me take pains, I at last succeeded.

"I used often, in carrying my day's work to the printer's, to pass through a part of the town of Bristol which has been allotted to poor emigrants, and there I saw a variety of little ingenious toys, which were sold at a high price, or

at a price which appeared to me to be high. I began to consider that I might earn money by invention, as well as by mere manual labour; but before I gave up any part of my time to my new schemes, I regularly wrote as much each day as was sufficient to maintain me. Now it was that I felt the advantage of having been taught, when I was a boy, the use of carpenter's tools, and some degree of mechanical dexterity. I made several clumsy toys, and I tried various unsuccessful experiments, but I was not discouraged. One day I heard a dispute near me about some trinket—a tooth-pick case, I believe—which was thought by the purchaser to be too highly priced; the man who made it repeatedly said, in recommendation of the toy—‘Why, sir, you could not know it from tortoise-shell.’

“I, at this instant, recollected to have seen, at the ‘Rummer,’ a great heap of broken shells, which the cook had thrown aside, as if they were of no value. Upon inquiry, I found that there was part of the inside shell which was thought to be useless; it occurred to me that I might possibly make it useful. The good-natured landlord ordered that all this part of the shells should be carefully collected and given to me. I tried to polish it for many hours in vain. I was often tempted to abandon my project—there was a want of *finish*, as the workmen call it, in my manufacture, which made me despair of its being saleable. I will not weary you with a history of all my unsuccessful processes; it was fortunate for me, my dear mother, that I remembered one of the principles which you taught me when I was a child, that it is not *genius*, but perseverance, which brings things to perfection. I persevered, and though I did not bring my manufacture to *perfection*, I actually succeeded so far as to make a very neat-looking box out of my refuse shells. I offered it for sale—it was liked: I made several more, and they were quickly sold for me, most advantageously, by my good friend, Mr. S——. He advised me to make them in the

shape of netting-boxes; I did so, and their sale extended rapidly.

"Some benevolent lady, about this time, raised a subscription for me; but as I had now an easy means of supporting myself, and as I every day beheld numbers of my countrymen, nearly in the condition in which I was when I first went to the 'Rummer,' I thought it was not fit to accept of the charitable assistance which could be so much better bestowed upon others. Mr. S—— told me, that the lady who raised the contribution, so far from being offended, was pleased by my conduct in declining her bounty, and she undertook to dispose of as many of my netting-boxes as I could finish. She was one of the patronesses of a repository in London, which has lately been opened, called the 'Repository for Ingenious Works.' When she left Bristol, she desired Mr. S—— to send my boxes thither.

"My little manufacture continued to prosper; by practice I grew more and more expert, and I had no longer any fears that I should not be able to maintain myself. It was fortunate for me that I was obliged to be constantly employed: whenever I was not actually at hard work, whenever I had leisure for reflection, I was unhappy.

"A friend of Mr. S——, who was going to London, offered to take me with him; I had some curiosity to see this celebrated metropolis, and I had hopes of meeting with some of my friends amongst the emigrants in this city; amongst all the emigrants at Bristol there was not one person with whom I had been acquainted in France.

"Impelled by these hopes I quitted Bristol, and arrived a few weeks ago in London. Mr. S—— gave me a direction to a cabinet-maker in Leicester Fields, and I was able to pay for a decent lodging, for I was now master of what appeared to me a large sum of money—seven guineas.

"Some time after I came to town, as I was returning from a visit to an emigrant, with whom I had become acquainted, I was stopped at the corner of a street by a

crowd of people—a *mob*, as I have been taught to call it, since I came to England—who had gathered round a blind man, a little boy, and a virago of a woman, who stood upon the steps before a print-shop door. The woman accused the boy of being a thief. The boy protested that he was innocent, and his ingenuous countenance spoke strongly in his favour. He belonged to the blind man, who, as soon as he could make himself heard, complained bitterly of the damage which had been done to his dulcimer. The mob, in their first fury, had broken it. I was interested for the man, but more for the boy. Perhaps, said I to myself, he has neither father nor mother!

“When the woman, who was standing yet furious at the shop door, had no more words for utterance, the little boy was suffered to speak in his own defence. He said, that, as he was passing by the open window of the print-shop, he put his hand in to give part of a bun which he was eating to a little dog, who was sitting on the counter, near the window; and who looked thin and miserable, as if he was half starved. ‘But,’ continued the little boy, ‘when I put the bun to the dog’s mouth, he did not eat it; I gave him a little push to make him mind me, and he fell out of the window into my hands; and then I found that it was not a real dog, but only the picture of a dog painted upon pasteboard. The mistress of the shop saw the dog in my hand, and snatched it away, and accused me of being a thief; so then, with the noise she made, the chairmen, who were near the door, came up, and the mob gathered, and our dulcimer was broken, and I’m very sorry for it.’ The mistress of the print-shop observed, in a loud and contemptuous tone, ‘that all this must be a lie, for that *such a one as he* could not have buns to give away to dogs!’ Here the blind man vindicated his boy by assuring us that ‘he came honestly by the bun; that two buns had been given to him about an hour before this time by a young gentleman, who met him as he was coming out of a pastry-cook’s shop.’ When the mob heard this explanation, they

were sorry for the mischief they had done to the blind man's dulcimer; and after examining it with expressions of sorrow, they quietly dispersed. I thought that I could perhaps mend the dulcimer, and I offered my services; they were gladly accepted, and I desired the man to leave it at the cabinet-maker's in Leicester Fields, where I lodged. In the meantime the little boy, whilst I had been examining the dulcimer, had been wiping the dirt from off the pasteboard dog, which, during the fray, had fallen into the street. 'Is it not like a real dog?' said the boy. 'Was it not enough to deceive anybody?'

"It was, indeed, extremely like a *real* dog; like my dog Cæsar, whom I had taken care of from the time I was five years old, and whom I was obliged to leave at our house in Paris, when I was dragged to prison. The more I looked at this pasteboard image, the more I was convinced that the picture must have been drawn from the life. Every streak, every spot, every shade of its brown coat I remembered. Its extreme thinness was the only circumstance in which the picture was unlike my Cæsar. I inquired from the scolding woman of the shop how she came by this picture. 'Honestly,' was her laconic answer; but when I asked whether it were to be sold, and when I paid its price, the lady changed her tone; no longer considering me as the partisan of the little boy, against whom she was enraged, but rathling looking upon me as a customer, who had paid too much for her goods, she condescended to inform me that the dog was painted by one of the *poor* French emigrants, who lived in her neighbourhood. She directed me to the house, and I discovered the man to be my father's old servant Michael. He was overjoyed at the sight of me; he was infirm, and unequal to any laborious employment; he had supported himself with great difficulty by painting toys, and various figures of men, women, and animals, upon pasteboard. He showed me two excellent figures of French poissards, and also a good cat, of his doing; but my Cæsar was the best.

"My lodgings at the cabinet-maker's were too small to accommodate Michael; and yet I wished to have him with me, for he seemed so infirm as to want assistance. I consequently left my cabinet-maker, and took lodgings with this stationer; he and his wife are quiet people, and I hope poor Michael has been happier since he came to me; he has, however, been for some days confined to his bed, and I have been so busy, that I have not been able to stir from home. To-day the poor little boy called for his dulcimer; I must own that I found it a more difficult job to mend it than I had expected. I could not match the wire, and I sent the boy out to an ironmonger's a few hours ago. How little did I expect to see him return with—my mother!"

We shall not attempt to describe the alternate emotions of joy and sorrow which quickly succeeded each other in Madame de Rosier's heart, while she listened to her son's little history. Impatient to communicate her happiness to her friends, she took leave hastily of her beloved son, promising to call for him early the next day. "Settle all your business to-night," said she, "and I will introduce you to *my* friends to-morrow. *My* friends, I say proudly—for I have made friends since I came to England; and England, amongst other commodities excellent in their kind, produces incomparable friends—friends in adversity. *We* know their value. Adieu: settle all your affairs here expeditiously."

"I have no affairs, no business, my dear mother," interrupted Henry, "except to mend the dulcimer, as I promised, and that I'll finish directly. Adieu, till to-morrow morning! What a delightful sound!"

With all the alacrity of benevolence he returned to his work, and his mother returned to Mrs. Harcourt's. It was nearly eight o'clock before she arrived at home. Mrs. Harcourt, Isabella, and Matilda, met her with inquiring eyes.

"She smiles," said Matilda; and Herbert, with a higher jump than he had ever been known to make before, ex-

claimed, "She has found her son! I am sure of it! I knew she would find him."

"Let her sit down," said Matilda, in a gentle voice.

Isabella brought her an excellent dish of coffee; and Mrs. Harcourt, with kind reproaches, asked why she had not brought her son *home* with her. She rang the bell with as much vivacity as she spoke, ordered her coach to be sent instantly to Golden Square, and wrote an order, as she called it, for his coming *immediately* to her, quitting all dulcimers and dulcimer boys, under pain of his mother's displeasure. "Here, Madame de Rosier," said she, with peremptory playfulness, "countersign my order, that I may be sure of my prisoner."

Scarcely were the note and carriage despatched, before Herbert and Favoretta stationed themselves at the window, that they might be ready to give the first intelligence. Their notions of time and distance were not very accurate upon this occasion; for before the carriage had been out of sight ten minutes, they expected it to return; and they exclaimed, at the sight of every coach that appeared at the end of the street, "Here's the carriage! Here he is!" But the carriages rolled by continually, and convinced them of their mistakes.

At length the coach stopped at the door. Madame de Rosier ran down-stairs. Mrs. Harcourt and all the family followed her. Herbert was at the coach door before Henri de Rosier could leap out, and he seized his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

The sympathy of all her joyful pupils, the animated kindness with which Mrs. Harcourt received her son, touched Madame de Rosier with the most exquisite pleasure.

Mrs. Harcourt did not confine her attentions within the narrow limits of politeness; with generous eagerness she exerted herself to show her gratitude to the excellent governess of her children. She applied to the gentleman who was at the head of the academy for the education of

the sons of French emigrants, and recommended Henri de Rosier to him in the strongest terms.

In the meantime Lady N——, who had been warmly interested in Madame de Rosier's favour, and more by what she had seen of her pupils, wrote to her brother, who was at Paris, to request that he would make every possible inquiry concerning the property of the late Comte de Rosier. The answer to her letter informed her that Madame de Rosier's property was restored to her and to her son by the new Government of France.

Mrs. Harcourt, who now foresaw the probability of Madame de Rosier's return to France, could not avoid feeling regret at the thoughts of parting with a friend to whom her whole family was sincerely attached. The plan of education which had been traced out remained yet unfinished, and she feared, she said, that Isabella and Matilda might feel the want of their accomplished preceptress.

The rapid improvement of Mrs. Harcourt's understanding since she had applied herself to literature, was her reward, and her excitement to fresh application. Isabella and Matilda were now of an age to be her companions, and her taste for domestic life was confirmed every day by the sweet experience of its pleasures.

"You have taught me your value, and now you are going to leave me," said she to Madame de Rosier. "I quarrelled with the Duke de la Rochefoucault for his asserting, that in the misfortunes of our best friends there is always something that is not disagreeable to us; but I am afraid I must stand convicted of selfishness, for in the good fortune of my best friend there is something that I cannot feel to be perfectly agreeable."

